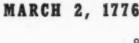
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Don Margo

THE FIRST LANDING

GREAT DATES IN THE MARINE CORPS

IN 1776 the young American Navy was in need of ships, guns, powder and all types of military supplies. The British controlled the seas and bothersome raiders scourged the waters around Chesapeake Bay and the Virginia Capes, interrupting commerce and bombarding shore installations. Other Union Jack vessels were carrying out similar operations along the Carolina and Georgia coasts. The situation had become critical for the newly-formed republic.

The Marine Committee of the Continental Congress assembled and outfitted a small squadron for use in special operations against the marauding Royal Navy, and for any other particular assignment which might arise. Commodore Esek Hopkins was placed in command, and both he and the committee hoped that the little force would be able to prevent further British interference along the coast, and possibly capture some enemy ships to augment the slender Continental sea power.

American leaders soon learned that large quantities of precious gunpowder and other war materials had been stored by the enemy on the island of New Providence in the Bahamas, under the protection of a small garrison of troops. The prospect of capturing those supplies appealed so strongly to Hopkins that he decided to make this the objective of the first mission for his newly organized squadron. At the time he had under his command the warships Alfred and Columbus, two brigs, the Andrea Doria and Cabot, and two sloops, the Providence and Hornet. Two schooners, the Fly and Wasp, completed the unit. The detachments aboard totalled about 220 men, under the command of Marine Captain Samuel Nicholas.

The squadron had been frozen in near Philadelphia during the winter of '75-'76, but at the first thaw it put out for warmer waters, prearranging a rendezvous at Abaco, a small island also in the Bahamas. On March 1, they arrived, almost a complete unit. Bad weather had separated the Fly and Hornet from the rest of the squadron, delaying their arrival for 10 days. Then Hopkins made his plans for an immediate attack on the New Providence stronghold.

He first procured two additional sloops for use as transports for his Marine amphibious force and transferred the men to them as well as to the sloop *Providence*. Fifty sailors under Navy Lieutenant Weaver

of the *Cabot* were included in the striking force, all of which was commanded by Capt. Nicholas. On March 2, the group set sail. The sloops led the way. In a move designed to avoid rousing the suspicion of British troops, all Marines aboard were concealed below decks, and the power ships of the squadron followed, just out of sight.

But the squadron followed too closely behind the sloops and was spotted by the enemy. That evening of March 2nd an alarm shot fired from the fort in New Providence before the Marines could effect a landing. However, under protective fire from the *Providence* and *Wasp*, which had drawn up even with his vessel, Nicholas led his men ashore in the first amphibious operation in Marine Corps history. The landing was completed without mishap and the party immediately moved inland to consolidate its position and capture the town.

The governor of the island sent a messenger to Nicholas requesting that he state his intentions. The Marine captain replied that only military supplies on the island were wanted, and if they were surrendered no harm would be done to the inhabitants. As the invaders moved on and approached Fort Montague, about one and a half miles from the town of New Providence, they were fired on by three 12 pounders. But after this initial burst of fire the garrison offered no further resistance to the Marines, abandoning the fort and retiring to the town. Nicholas took possession of the fort and settled down for the night. In the meantime Commodore Hopkins had issued a declaration to the inhabitants of the principal town, Fort Nassau, in which he reiterated Nicholas' intentions of amnesty for the residents of the island. It had the desired effect.

The following morning the Marines and sailors marched into Fort Nassau and took possession of the governor's house, which commanded both the town and the fort. Nicholas demanded and received the keys to the fort, which was taken without firing a shot, although its artillery had been loaded and ready awaiting his arrival.

Thus the military aspect of the operation was successfully completed. It was one of the outstanding naval maneuvers of the Revolutionary War, and became the forerunner engagement of the Marine Corps' rise to present day amphibious excellence.

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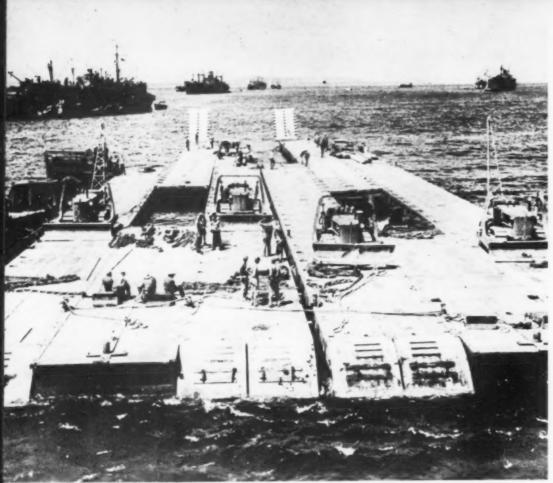
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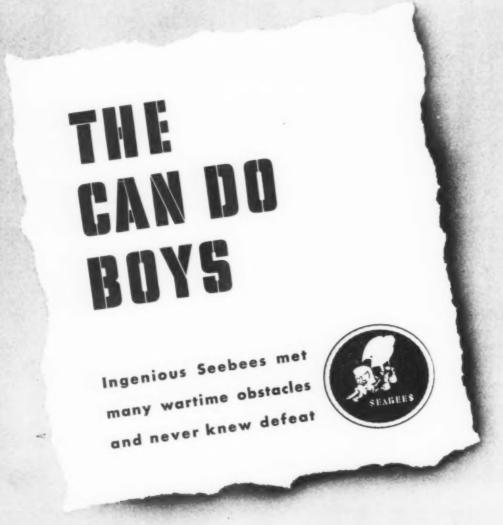
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Only a month after D-Day on Saipan, Seabees were assembling these pontoon causeways for use in the Tinian operation. Projects of this kind took priority for invasions



In THE dim light of dawn New Georgia Island, during July, 1943, looked quite the same as any other island during the long Munda operation. To add to the sameness, a Marine detachment was moving across the beach. Taut faces peered grimly from under steel helmets, staring into the forboding jungle.

As the Marines charged across the beach, a party of men stepped out into the open. They were white men. A Navy lieutenant in the group stepped forward and, tongue in cheek, extended his hand to a Marine major.

"The Seabees are always happy to welcome Marines! he said warmly.

A boa' ain's mate clapped a startled invader on the back and quipped, "What kept yuh, bud?" It was another point for the CBs in the battle of

It was another point for the CBs in the battle of the "old men" versus the "young whippersnappers." The Bees, whose average age was 31, made the Marine average of 20½ years seem a mere trifle. In fact, this was Marine policy: "Never strike a Seabee. He may be your grandfather."

The well-known friendly rivalry had been going on since the first Seabee met his first Marine drill instructor. The kidding that started in the early days was carried on, into the Pacific and wherever the Bees and Corps worked together. The repartee shot back and forth, staccato as rifle fire, and often as telling.

The Marines like to sing of Heaven's scenes and the part to be played there by the United States Marines. The Army and Navy, you know, will find the place guarded by Marines. Good enough, rejoined the Seabees. Who could be better than Marines to guard streets built by the old Seabees themselves?

There was no doubt about it, Marines were handicapped by their rifles. They couldn't carry tools and had to put up with signs like the one someone left on a Bougainville highway.

"When we reach the Isle of Japan With our caps at a jaunty tilt, We'll enter the city of Tokyo On the roads the Seabees built."

Someone purporting to represent the Second Raiders had signed the thing.

Down in SOPAC they had Junior Seabee buttons which, CB historians say, were stamped out for presentation to Marines who could prove they had killed ten Nips. Cheesy, said the Marines. Only ten Nips? "CB" on the buttons, as all Britishers knew, merely meant "confined to barracks," nearly as dull

a fate as belonging to the Seabees.

This could go on, ad infinitum. The Seabees used to sing a ditty, with glee: "Just drop your tools, grab your guns, and protect those poor Marines." The idea being that the first duty of the old men was not to build, but to protect the whippersnappers. Laugh-

able, of course. Not worth an answer.

But the Marines and Seabees were in the same boat, you might say. They were mostly landgoing, like the Army. They were Navy, technically, but not seagoing, which makes a difference. They decided they were orphans and, while the "fleet" Navy stood at one end of the bar, the amphibians held forth at the other. The fights were not so much between sailors and the Marine coalition as they were between those afloat and those ashore.

Vice Admiral Ben Moreell, former Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, and Kingbee of the Seabees, put it this way. "Out in the Pacific the Marines and the Seabees are pals. The Seabees are older, and more experienced in establishing comfortable living quarters under primitive conditions, owing to the fact that most of them were in construction work before joining up with us. As a result, they have always shared food and quarters with the Marines."

Seabee chow and quarters were famous throughout the world. Tradition has it that CB's were, certainly, builders and fighters, but first of all they were traders. What they couldn't get through regulation, they got through trading. They swapped everything from B-29's to native trinkets, from jeeps to 100-lb. sacks of flour and sugar. The turnover was tremendous. The Army and Marines moved into the fields where the souvenirs and prizes were; the Navy stayed aboard where neither were; the Bees stayed on or near the beaches, close to both supply and demand. So, the Bees acted as the middlemen for

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Orders said "build a read." Seabee buildozers thundered along, toppling trees and leveling mountains

X

THE CAN DO BOYS (cont.)

the tremendous souvenir business. The trophies came cheap from the Marines and Army, and went dear to the Navy, or so everyone said.

Seabee cooks were experts in their line, naturally. When they ran out of GI chow, and sometimes before that, native standbys became the main course. One Thanksgiving the turkeys didn't arrive, so a detail headed into the woods and shortly thereafter returned with enough wild boar to feed the whole of SOPAC. It promised a bright Thanksgiving until a medic said the meat was rotten. The doc ate Spam that day, too.

It's Navy tradition that everyone eats as long as the food holds up. Marines would walk miles just to chow with the Bees. In the Philippines the Seabees had a two-chow-line schedule. After they finished eating, instead of dumping the left-overs, they sent Filipinos through to eat what the first relay had left.

Most Bee commissary stewards were old-timers from construction camps where they learned the fine art of camouflaging Spam. With corned willy, canned frankfurters and Jap rice to work with, the cooks' popularity depended to a great extent upon their skill at deception. From this limited set-up, some could prepare more than a hundred different meals.

On Guadalcanal some native cattle were footloose and fancy free, but orders from the front office forbade molesting them. Then one day a cook was attacked by a cow and that evening there was hamburger for the main course. Later an order came out that cattle hit by shell fragments could be taken as legal prizes. The cow mortality rate grew astoundingly. In British Samoa there was great difficulty in keeping cattle off the roads. Should the walking beef steaks run into a truck, the remains would be sadly served for dinner at the nearest Bee mess. The accidents were not always the fault of the cattle.

It was this type of operator — one who not only can get along under any circumstances, but help others get along, too — for which the Navy was

looking when plans for a Construction Battalion were started in October, 1941. From a small group of about 300 Navy enlisted men — known as Bobcats and sent to Bora Bora to set up a base which proved handy during the Coral Sea battles — the Construction Battalion grew to almost 250,000.

A birthday celebration, marking the fifth anniversary of the Bees, was held at Port Hueneme, Calif., last December 28. A Seabee museum housing relics, trophies, commendations, and the record of the Bees during World War II, was dedicated.

Five years before the authorization had come through for the enlistment of one 3300-man construction regiment. Additional authorizations came through later, running the number up from 3300 to 262,000. The peak strength of the Bees, reached in July, 1945, was exactly 247,155 men. Almost without exception these were recruited from the ranks of America's builders. Mostly draft-exempt, at home they could command high, war-inflated salaries. Some had gone to recruiting stations earlier, hoping to get into the service. Told they were too old, they insisted, "I can jump into a foxhole as well as any 20-year-old."

"Sure," the recruiter would agree, "but could you get out of it the next morning?"

MORE than 80 per cent of the Bees were members of unions. The unions aided the Navy in recruiting. Particularly helpful was the Building Trades Council of the American Federation of Labor.

The Bees forgot their five-day week, eight-hour day. Seven days a week, they worked 24 hours a day if necessary. Battalions were known to put in 80 hours straight before a relief took over. Two-shift work — 12 hours a shift — was not an uncommon schedule.

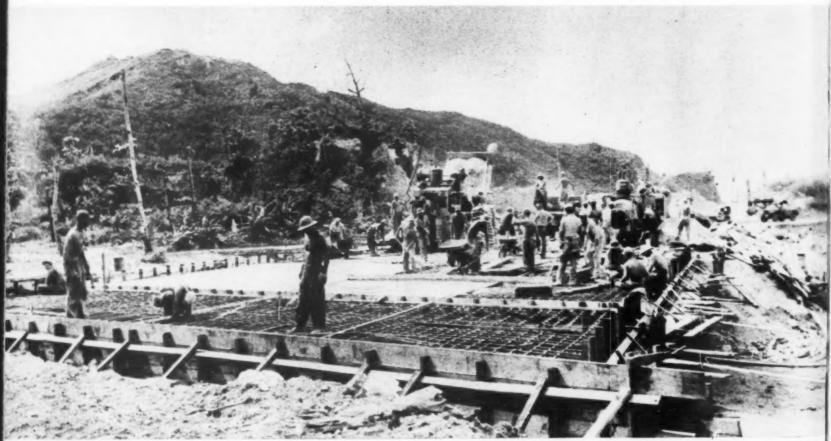
Fifty-nine building trades were represented in the Seabees. These included blacksmiths, bulldozer operators, carpenters, concrete workers, construction workers, dredge deckhands, quarry drillers, electricians, engine operators, excavation foremen, dredge foremen, gasoline and Diesel engine repairmen, labor foremen, launchmen, dredge mates, mechanics, oilers, shovel operators, painters, piledriver foremen, pipefitters and plumbers. Also pipelayers, powdermen, riggers, road machine operators, sheet metal workers, coppersmiths, steel workers, telephonemen, truck drivers, water tenders, wharfbuilders, welders, boatswains, and draftsmen.

Their unofficial mottos are "Can Do, Will Do, Did," or, "The Difficult We Do Immediately, the Impossible Takes a Little Longer." These two catchlines seem to enjoy more popularity than the official motto, "Constorimus Batuimus," meaning "We Build! We Fight!" Their insigne consisted of a diving bee toting a tommygun, monkey wrench, and hammer. It is the design of Rhode Islander Frank Iafrate, Carpenter's Mate, 1 c.

The need for Seabees became evident some time before Pearl Harbor. The construction work then going on through the BuY&D was under the charge of the Civil Engineering Corps, with civilian contractors doing the actual building. Pearl Harbor changed all this when it showed the impossibility of building Navy bases with civilians. In the West Indies alone, civilian workers on Navy projects December 6, numbered 5000. On December 8, less than half showed up for work. That number decreased daily as they returned Stateside. To remedy this situation, the Navy turned to its newest son, the Construction Battalion.

Seabees were in so great a demand at the start of the war that their boot camp was only a short period of shots and equipment issue. They were shipped directly overseas. At first, recruits were sent to a few Navy stations and National Youth Administration camps turned over temporarily to the Bees. On January 17, 1942, work began on Camp Allen, near Norfolk, Va. This was to be the first CB camp. The first group of men, 2000 strong, was brought into the camp March 13, 1942. In May, Camp Bradford, ten miles away, was opened, and the two were combined. August found Camp Endicott, R. I., open for business. In November, Camp Peary, near

Marine instructors didn't spare the



Seabees and Marines worked together in construction of the "Marine Drive" south of Agana, Guam. Here they sink casings for a concrete

bridge along the blacktop highway. This engineering feat was only an infinitesimal link in the Seabee-constructed long road to victory



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Scrapers, sandbags, pontoons, oil drums, lumber and earth went into this operational ramp on a bleak Attu hillside



It's a matter of debate whether the Seabees made the bulldozer famous or vice versa with examples like this one on Eniwetok

shillelagh where the CBs were concerned

Williamsburg, Va., was commissioned. In rapid succession came Camp Lee-Stephenson, Me., the recuperation center at Camp Parks, Calif., and the Advance Base Depots at Port Hueneme, Calif., Davisville, R. I., and Gulfort, Miss.

Of these, probably Camp Peary is the most famous. Here most of the Construction Battalions of World War II received their boot training from drill instructors. The DIs were of the Parris Island variety. The boot CBs were housed in tar paper PB huts, barked at by Marines, run through obstacle courses, sent on mock invasions, given live-ammo extended-order battle problems. This boot camp training was something no Peary alumnus will ever forget.

When the Navy took over the 7000 acres to build Camp Peary, entire towns had to be evacuated. Bees got into shape tearing down and rebuilding structures left by the evacuees. One battalion would construct a building, then tear it down, leaving the raw materials for the next battalion which duplicated the performance.

Because of their skills, the Seabees were reputed to be the highest paid enlisted men in the world. Their average pay was \$140 a month; the average rate petty officer, second class. Officers were commissioned straight from civvies, depending, as with enlisted men, on their skills. Officers were usually engineers and contractors. CPOs were usually foremen from civilian life, and skilled workers became petty officers. Because the officers and petty officers wore the insignia of rank during boot camp, it was not unusual to see a lieutenant saluting a sergeant. Or a corporal being sirred by a CPO who overflowed with various and sundry other varieties of ear banging.

Between hours of close and extended order drill, school and other features of boot camp, friendships between the Marines and Seabees were born. The Bees were issued both the Navy and Marine uniforms, and were, a reliable authority has it, prouder of those USMC greens than the Navy blues. The CBs insisted their boot camp was the same as PI and Dago of the Marine Corps, so they followed all

the traditions of the Corps as closely as possible, including a graduation present for the DI.

After training, Bees were shipped to one of the

After training, Bees were shipped to one of the many places where United States forces were stationed. Sometimes, even when there were no other American forces within spitting distance — Seabee spitting distance, that is — the Bees were at work. The 13th "Black Cat" Battalion lays claim to being the only CB battalion that "worked with, the Russians." Based at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, a detachment from that battalion was sent to Russia's Akutan Island to build a supply base for Russian ships. The harbor, an old whaling station, was modernized by Bees so it could accommodate 30 ships.

An unofficial count shows that by V-J Day the Seabees had seen duty at more than 120 posts in the Pacific and 30 in the European and African theatres of operation. This doesn't include the Special Stevedore Battalions which served at more than 45 places, from Milford Haven in Wales to Bougainville.

SEABEES were enlisted men only. Their officers were Navy, under the Bureau of Yards and Docks' Civil Engineering Corps. But, many an officer would consider "them's fightin" words" if it was suggested he wasn't a Seabee. Prior to Pearl Harbor there were not more than 267 officers in the CEC, and no enlisted men. Through spot commissions, this number was raised to 8000 during the war. Because all but a small minority of CEC had been civilians but a few months before, CEC succeeded in getting a job done faster than a regular Navy man could have. They cut through red tape, junked tradition, and dropped out the ceremony.

Anything that would speed victory was meat for the Seabees. More time-saving devices were employed by them than any other branch of service. If it could be done by machine, it was done by machine, even though it might involve nothing more

than moving a load of wood several hundred feet. In 17 days, two battalions cleared and graded 30 acres, surfaced two miles of road; laid 8350 feet of pipe; raised 186 quonset huts; built 22 quonset hut heads; built three frame CPO quarters; built two frame bachelor officer quarters; built six frame enlisted men's barracks; dug dry wells with an aggregate 6000-man capacity; provided power services, poles, lines, and transformers and built mess halls and galleys for 6000 men.

In his book, "Can Do!" the ex-Seabee writer, William Bradford Huie, sets down the record of accomplishments piled up in a single year by the 26th Battalion. Using badly worn equipment the 26th constructed and maintained more than 35 miles of three- and four-lane roads and 21 miles of secondary roads; graded 53 acres; built a large LST landing area; moved 6500 yards of earth to cover torpedo and ordnance magazines; built 11 new bridges totaling 1136 lineal feet; rebuilt three bridges after floods, and redecked five major bridges.

They manufactured 9603 lineal feet of culvert

They manufactured 9603 lineal feet of culvert from discarded oil drums and used the culvert in highway construction; constructed seven docks of various sizes; set up a 180-foot marine railway; poured 100 concrete anchors; completed 55,750 barrels of storage capacity for gasoline and fuel oil and laid 27,000 feet of pipe line.

They handled a total of 34,269,043 gallons of aviation gasoline without accident; built 47 miles of primary and secondary power lines; installed 33,600 feet of lighting, conduit, fixtures, etc.; maintained two 24-hour power houses; operated an ice house and produced 563,000 pounds of ice.

But that's not all. They also handled 115,000 tons of freight from ships; built 644.5 lineal feet of railroad: cut and prepared 2300 piles and poles and supplied logs for 950,000 board feet of lumber; supplied 42 special logs running to 90 feet for radio masts; installed 630,000 feet of wire for communication and built 200 odd miscellaneous structures rang-

ing from housing facilities to radio stations.
Sections of the 26th manned guns on Tulagi.
The main body moved into defense positions when
Guadalcanal underwent a "Condition Black." The
Battalion was consistently strafed, bombed, and
fired upon by enemy artillery, planes, and snipers. It
underwent 184 alerts, was bombed 67 times, and
sustained three hits in the camp area. Eighteen



The ingenuity of the Seabees saves lives, time and money. This odd device solves the problem of safely detonating enemy mines. Chain

flails mounted on tubular hubs are revolved to explode the contact mines. Magnetic mines are exploded by setting up a magnetic field

members of the Battalion were cited for courageous action. The Battalion itself received 14 letters of commendation and 16 of appreciation from Army and Marine units with which they had served. During this time, 509 of its Battalion men were infected with malaria and 427 had to be evacuated for wounds and malaria. At the end of the year, only 529 officers and men remained on active duty from the original 956.

The Seabees had more than their share of heroes—and characters. Both fill the pages of three books written by Huie, the unofficial biographer of the Seabees. In addition to "Can Do!" Huie wrote "From Omaha to Okinawa," and "Seabee Roads to Victory." He knows what he is writing about. He was a Navy lieutenant, (JG) attached to the Seabees. A large part of the material in this article was obtained from his books, with his permission.

Many a Jap lost his life or liberty at the hands of an irate construction man. The Seabees, often in the course of souvenir hunting, killed and captured the Nips with rifle butt, axe, bulldozer, and in hand-to-hand, weaponless battling. Perhaps the most famous Seabee threat lay in the bulldozer. The typical scene—a stubborn pillbox defying all efforts to quell it. The bulldozer, rumbling up, a wave of dirt rolling before it, moves on and on until, despite the best Jap fire, it envelopes the fortification in a mountain of silencing dirt.

The stories of Seabee heroism are many. They are stories of men going into burning buildings, smashed planes, sinking ships, to rescue fellow Seabees. On Saipan a Piper Cub crashed into an ammunition dump. Despite the threat of explosion, four Seabees rushed into the inferno and rescued the observer. Two received the Silver Star on Guadalcanal when they left their foxholes during a Nip raid to dig out seven men who had been buried alive by a hit on the dugout. Another man set up a machine gun in his foxhole and shot down a strafing Jap. This merited him the first CB Silver Star a week before he was killed in the explosion of a destroyer.

Though the CB heroics were many, they are not as well known as are the oddities.

There was a character on Guadalcanal who set up a still and sold squeezins' for \$60 per gallon. He was brigged but when the traffic continued, he was released. Then, it was discovered that the bootlegger had dug a basement in the tent that served him as a brig and had installed a still down there.

Up in Alaska, CBs made sizeable amounts by carving totem poles and pawning them off on gullible Merchant Marines as the genuine Indian article. A bunch of rebels in SOPAC set up a plant which supplied posts and ships for miles around with molasses. By the end of the war, each stockholder had amassed numerous articles in trade, including (so the tale goes) a B-29 apiece in which to fly home.

Seabee traders did a bit of smart business at Salerno. They found a pig ashore and traded him to an LST skipper for six crates of eggs. A week later the skipper offered six more crates if they would take the pig back. Ham and eggs was the CB menu one fine morning.

THE SEABEES went just about everywhere the Marines did, and more. They built roads for all the U. S. fighting forces, in practically every theatre of war. They had probably the biggest assortment of building tools ever seen, and when these failed, they invented some never seen before.

Among these was the Doodlebug, born at Tinian. When the Marines were faced with that island's steep, shoreline cliffs, Commodore Paul J. Halloran and Chief Carpenter's Mate Leslie G. Smith of the 121st Battalion rigged up a special sort of ramp on an LVT. Protruding from the bow at a 45-degree angle, this queer gizmo when rammed up against a cliff, could catch hold and hang on securely enough to support heavy motorized equipment.

Undoubtably a big contribution to victory, was made by the CEC-developed pontoons. Five-by-seven-by-five boxes, these pontoons were used in almost all CB activities. Separately, or fastened

seven long and three wide, or two wide and 30 long, pontoons performed as floating docks, rafts, barges, and causeways.

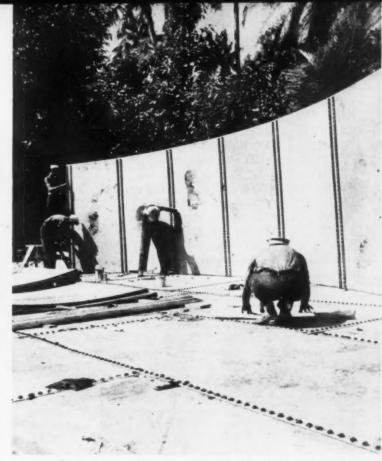
At both Sicily and Saipan the beaches were so shallow that ships had to unload 450 feet to 1500 feet from the shore. The Bees planned for this by constructing causeways 175 feet long which, when several were stretched out from the beach slide-rule fashion, easily spanned the distance. A single lane, 1428-foot long ribbon at Okinawa holds the record in length.

There were many odd contraptions developed by British and American scientists for the Normandy invasion. And most of these had Seabees atop them as they crossed the channel. The unprotected from water, wind, or enemy—concrete docks and sea walls were a far cry from the pre-war channel boats, and the Bees rode them. Before the invasion, the CBs constructed 64 "Rhinos"—floating causeways 176 feet long and 41 wide which, pushed by two huge outboard engines and a tug, could carry half an LST load through the mile-long shallows right up to the beach. The Bees used 11,500 pontoons and 256 outboards in building these for the British and Americans.

Not only did the CBs have to do the work, but they also had to load and unload the equipment. This job went to the special Stevedore Battalions authorized in the fall of 1942. By V-J Day, 41 battalions had been set up, each composed of 1010 men and 34 officers. These men worked day after day, night after night, down in the holds of ships. Theirs was the sweatiest, grimiest, and most monotonous job of the war. When they finished with one hold they went on to the next hold; when they finished with one ship, they went on to the next ship. Their motto was "Keep the Hook Moving" which they did, as evidenced by the First Special's record during its first three months in the Pacific. While undergoing 26 alerts and at least one serious air raid, this battalion unloaded 112,407 tons of cargo from 33 ships.



Erecting quanset huts was just another application trade for the Bees. Many of them were riggers before the war



One of the big problems in erecting Pacific bases was keeping up the water supply. Prefabricated water towers filled the bill

One of the men primarily responsible for the record of the Seabees was Vice Adm. Moreell who was made an admiral upon retirement after the war. A native of Utah, he moved to St. Louis, Mo., when six years old. Holder of a civil engineering degree from Washington University there, he entered the Navy in World War I, and in 1938 became head of BuY&D. In 1944 he was appointed vice admiral, the first non-Annapolis man to achieve that rank.

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On November 8, 1945, when Adm. Moreell retired in favor of a private business in New York, Rear Admiral John J. Manning was appointed his suc-cessor. He was former Director BuY&D's Atlantic Division from November 8, 1942. Adm. Manning is from Troy, N. Y., where he received his civil engineering degree from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. A non-Annapolis man, too, he was com-missioned Lieutenant, junior grade, in the CEC when 23 years old. He was commissioned on the basis of competetive exams. He served as head of the BuY&D construction department from December, 1941, to November, 1942.

Under the direction of Adm. Manning, planning is underway for a postwar Seabee and CEC reserve. Although at the present time the CEC and CB are separate organizations, it is believed they will be merged. Only 7177 men remain on active duty in the Bees, the present authorized strength, but Adm. Manning, in a Congressional hearing, has asked that this number be raised to 20,000. The plans for a Seabee reserve are still in the embryo stage, but it is thought they will include a training program, plus activities similar to those of the line organized reserve.

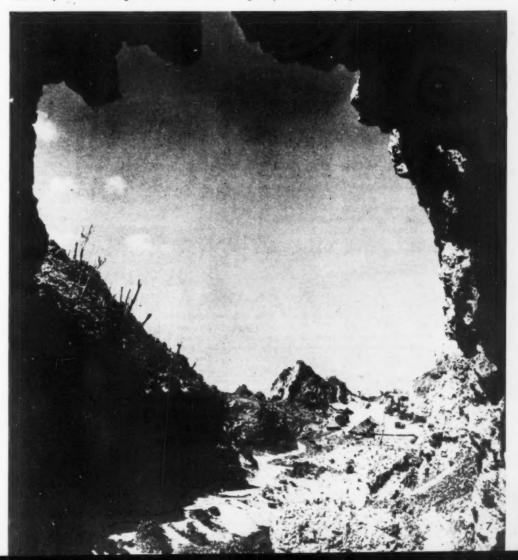
Men desiring to get into the CB reserve's ground floor, should enlist in either the CEC or line reserves After the Seabee reserve is set up, transfer to it will

The Seabees don't want to be caught "with our dungarees down" as they were in '41 when they had to start from scratch to establish the biggest building organization in the world. Of this organization, Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr. once said when visiting Bees on Bougainville, "In smashing through swamp, jungle, and Japs to build that air strip, your men have proven that there is neither bull nor dozing. . . . A 'Well Done' to them all."

Later the admiral added this afterthought: "I had to keep on the run all the time for fear those Seabees would shovel me into the ocean!"

would shovel me into the ocean!"

Soon after this photograph was taken from a cave on Bloody Nose Ridge, Seabees living in the tent camp in the background had carved a highway out of a jungle trail once used by Marines



1947 LEATHERNECK ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAMS

First Team

ENDCorp. Robert J. Logal	El Toro	6'205
TACKLES/Sqt. Charles M. Milam		
GUARDPFC William N. Franklin	El Toro	6'2"205
CENTER 2ndLt. William Jesse	Quantico	5'11"193
GUARDlstLt. Patrick Boyle	Quantico	6'190
TACKLEPFC Clement Thomas	Quantico	6'1"212
END PFC Raymond Pfeifer	Camp Pendleton	6'4"201
BACKPFC Volney R. Quinlan	MCB, San Diego	5'11"170
BACKSgt. Bayard Pickett	Parris Island	5'10"180
BACKPhMlc Glenn H. Barrington	Quantico	5'11"185
BACK2ndLt. Joseph Bartos	Quantico	6' 200

Second Team

ENDCorp. Paul SweezyParris Island6'1"190
TACKLE Capt. Joseph Donahue Quantico6'2"225
GUARDCorp. Theodore N. BertagniCamp Pendleton5'11"182
CENTERPFC Edward GallowaySan Diego6'1"187
GUARDPFC Donald Bazemore Quantico5'11"195
TACKLElstLt. Charles W. Abrahans El Toro 6'2"225
END2ndLt. Thomas E. DawsonQuantico6'180
BACKPFC Wesley G. BarretteCamp Pendleton5' 10"180
BACK Sgt. Eugene W. Moore San Diego5' 11" 185
BACK PFC Robert E. Dove Quantico 5' 7"175
BACK2ndLt. Anthony V. MessinaQuantico5' 10"170

"JARRIN" JOE" BARTOS, HALFBACK

Quantico's leading scorer

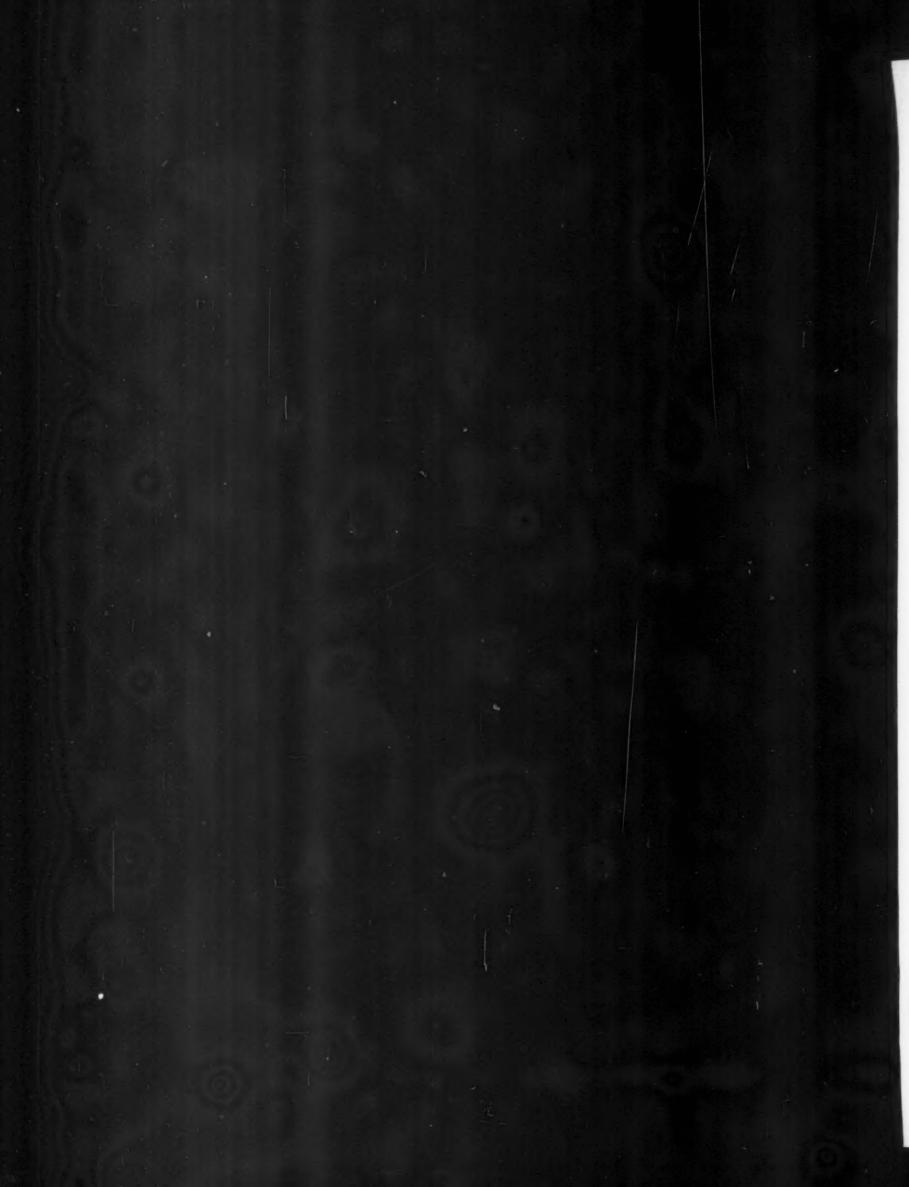
Quantico All-Navy title
holders cinch five
berths on All-Star team.
West gets five

and PI one



LEATHERNECK'S 1947







HE selection of an all-star aggregation, whether they are football or cribbage players, is indeed a tremendous task. who make the selections in collegiate and professional circles are faced with the difficult job of analyzing the play of thousands of outstanding men from hundreds of schools and teams scattered throughout the nation. Some of the men selected never have been seen by those making the final choice, consequently their decisions must be based on the recommendations of sports authorities from the sector wherein the player performed. This is quite understandable since it would take the average board of selectors several years to view the performances of all the prospective players.

In selecting Leatherneck's First Annual All-Marine Football Team, the Selection Board, composed of only three members, was faced with a chore almost as great as that of the aforementioned experts. While there were only seven Marine Post and Station teams and three or four naval establishments whose Marine members on their rosters were observed, the final task of evaluating the play of one man against another, with a few exceptions, was a Herculean task.

The Leatherneck team has one unique aspect. Each player selected was observed in action by members of the Board on at least two occasions, and in some cases, as many as six times.

Marine football on the East Coast was dominated by the Devildogs of Quantico. This team was so outstanding that it is being compared with the great Marine teams of the early '20s. It is not our intention to enter that argument now, but we are looking forward to dipping into the debate, pro or con, at a later date.

Quantico started the '47 season with a 13-0 loss to Washington and Lee University after only a few days of practice. Regardless of what the Devildogs may say about a prospective win in a replay, the game is in the books as a loss. ever, they went on to win 12 straight, including the All-Navy title win over Alameda. During this rampage they piled up 444 points to their opponents 63, which, one must readily admit, is quite a joy-ride in any league. Included on their list of victims are Parris Island by 27-13, in a sea of mud; and the Flyers of Cherry Point, by 47-0, a choice Thanksgiving morsel indeed. They eked out a 15-13 win over tough Fort Belvoir, romped over Fort Eustis, 53-0; stomped Camp Lee 57-0, rode roughshod over a hitherto unbeaten Fort Benning 56-0, and grounded the Bolling Field fly-fly group 46-6. Another collegiate victim, Davis & Elkins was dumped on the survey heap 26-0. In the East Coast title play-off, at Jacksonville, Fla., the Jax Flyers had their wings snipped to the tune of 35-12.

The season's finale for the All-Navy title, played in San Diego's Balboa Stadium, saw the Devildogs topple Alameda Naval Air, the West Coast champs, 26-0. This contest, played for the Navy Relief Fund, was a hard-fought, bruising battle for the first half during which Quantico's Bob Dove and Navy's Chip Norris engaged in a punting duel while both lines were banging each other's ears off. Dove had the kicking edge from the start due to a great quick-kick which set Alameda back in the shadow of their goalposts. Despite Norris' long boots from the hole the sailors were anchored deep in their own territory because of Dove's equally long return kicks. Shortly before the half was over, the

Devildog line erupted in the savage battle, and Glenn "Doc" Barrington, was exploded through the middle on two quick-openers, one for 17 yards and the pay-off for 21. "True-toe" Tony Messina kicked the first of the two conversions he chalked up during the fray.

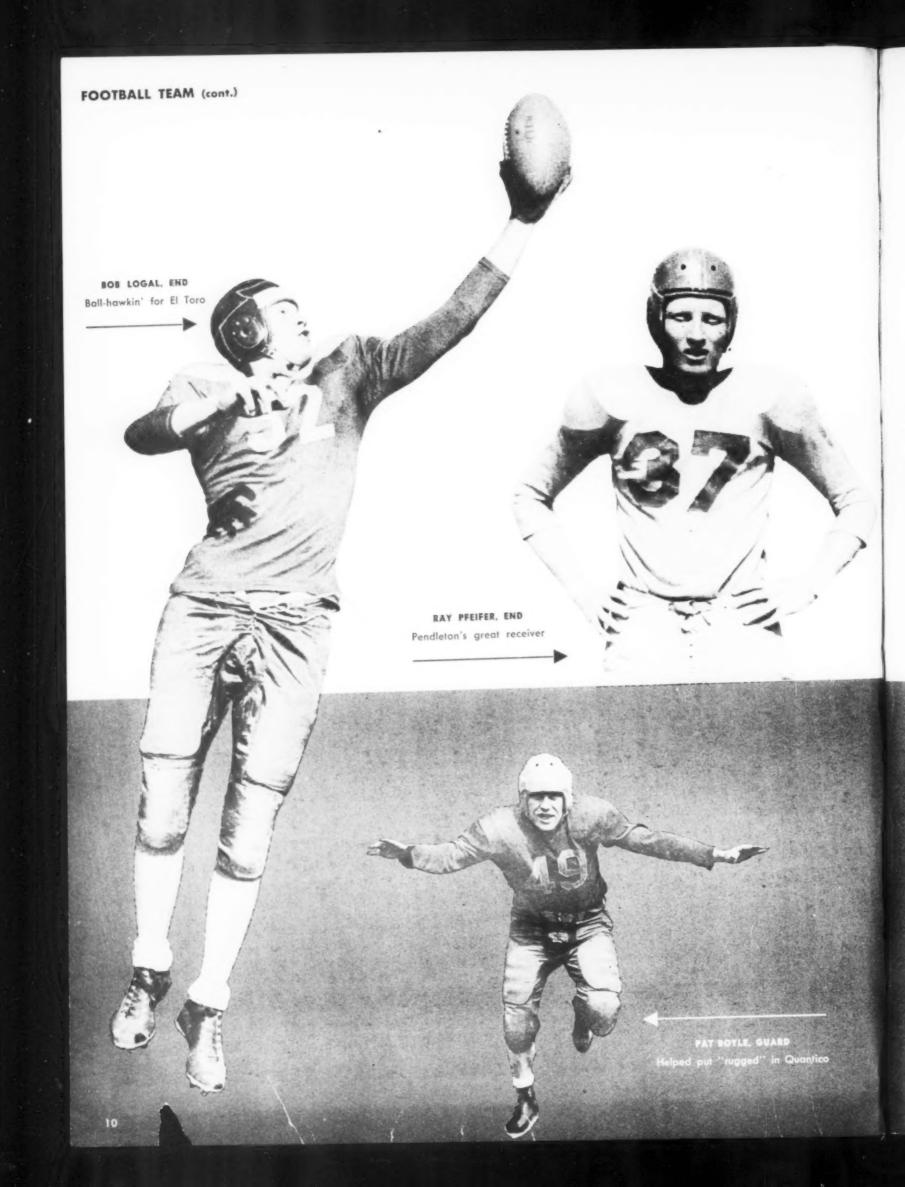
The second half was somewhat of a romp. Navy line was battered into a pulp and Barrington and Joe Bartos began working on the defensive backs with their half-track charges up the middle and off the tackles, with Barrington lugging it over again mid-way in the third quarter. In the last quarter Denny Stith sneaked across from his quarterback slot for the number three marker. Messina's initial try for the conversion was good, but a hold penalty moved the ball back 15 yards and the second try was blocked. The fourth TD was scored on a "Schmagle Special" pass; the ironic part of the play was that Schmagle didn't toss it. All season long this play, a seeming sweep around right end, was worked with Art Schmagle in the halfback spot making the toss from 'way out beyond the end position, and the receiving end going down the left side-line as if a decoy. On this trip Bob Dove had the throwing honors and with Alameda's defensive set-up sucked over, End Joe Vosmik was standing all by himself on the 10 yard stripe when the pigskin landed in his arms. If the rules allowed, he could have crawled across. Messina made good the conversion and the count stood at 26-0. Seconds later the gun ended the fracas and Quantico became the initial possessors of the Navy's brand-spanking-new four-foot trophy, emblematic of the All-Navy title.

Parris Island came off second best on the East

by Sgts. Spencer Gartz and Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writers

ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAM





Coast, as far as Marine football went, with Cherry Point in the third spot. By virtue of their possession of the Atlantic Fleet Title, Camp Lejeune slides into fourth in the writers' unofficial standings. The fact that they played only two games to win the title makes it impossible to name them for a higher spot. The team was selected from the Camp's two-league, 12-team, intra-mural set-up.

The West Coast had three better-than-average teams entered in the competition. Two of them, Camp Pendleton and El Toro were in the 11th Naval District Conference, while Marine Corps Base, San Diego, operated within the SC Navy Conference. Their over-all season records were good; Camp Pendleton had a W-6 L-3 record; El Toro came through with the same totals, while MCB had an impressive 8 wins and 2 losses. It was really too bad that only two of these teams faced one another; El Toro beat Camp Pendleton 46-13 in a late season game. Unfortunately, there is no way of making an accurate comparison between these teams since the consideration of one opponent whom they all faced would throw one's guess more askew. Pendleton beat DesPac 19-0; DesPac beat El Toro 21-0; DesPac beat MCB by two conversion points 21-19 in an early season game when base star "Skeeter"

Quinlan, due to injuries, was unable to play more than a few moments.

If a Marine Corps title football trophy is ever put up for grabs, it should be the lot of each athletic officer to bring pressure to bear on the schedule-makers to see that in the future they are on each other's respective schedule. Even if they are in different conferences, they should be able to meet in a non-conference tilt. If the title trophy is to go to the most outstanding Marine team, then the best and most accurate method of selecting the winner would be to have them congregate on a common gridiron.

Now that you've been mousetrapped into reading this far, we will name the all-star team.

At one end we have Corporal Robert J. Logal, from the El Toro eleven. This big, rangy, six-footer combined speed with deception in drawing the defenders out of position while on pass-atching expeditions. He is a great ball-hawk and a tower of strength on defense. Only 19 years old, Logel has two years of service football experience, having played with the Miramar gang before transferring to El Toro. Weight: 205 pounds. Home: Aurora, N. Y.

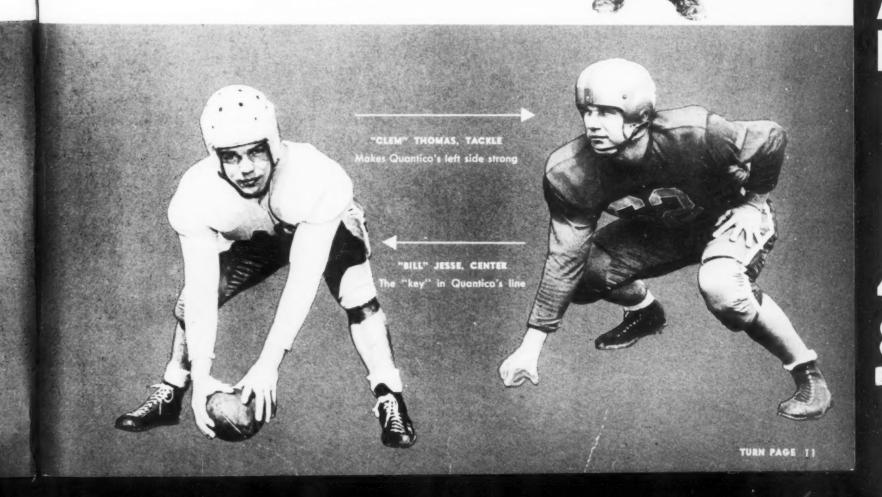
On the far wing and from the strong Camp Pendleton lash-up, PFC Raymond Pfeifer is firmly dug in. Standing six-feet four-inches and tipping 'the scales at 201 pounds, his seemingly clumsy, ambling gait was deceptive enough so that the defensive backs let him through to snag five touchdown passes giving him the runner-up spot for individual scoring honors. Out of Glidden, Tex., Pfeifer played at Great Lakes prior to his Pendleton duty. An all-around high school athlete, he specialized in the dashes which accounts for his downfield speed. Ray has won an appointment to Annapolis, and will enter the Naval Academy next spring.

One tackle job must go to Staff Sergeant Charles M. Milam, Camp Pendleton giant. One of the West Coast's most unpopular opponents, Milam usually managed to get one of his huge meat-hooks on a ball carrier no matter what side of the line that unfortunate individual might try to penetrate. Opposing coaches grit their teeth, wince, and shake their heads whenever his name is mentioned. Chuck played both tackle and center during his high school days at Camden, Ark., and in 1942 was an All-State Center. He held down a first string berth with the University of Arkansas in 1943 before coming into the Corps. Next year he'll be back with the Razorbacks.

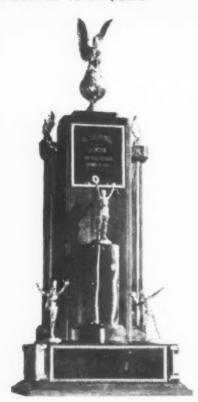
The other tackle spot goes to PFC Clement Thomas of Quantico's Devildogs. Although only 19 years old, young Clem has two years of service ball behind him and one summer practice session at the University of Tennessee. He stands 6 feet one inch and weighs 212 pounds. Starting slowly, this youngster from the Charley Trippi country up Kulpmont, Pa., way, soon made his presence known and by midseason had the number one tackle spot nailed down. When the Devildogs' opponents succeeded in keeping him out of their backfield, their main problem was to get around young No. 62 in the line. He will not be back next year. The school colors he'll wear are un-



"DOC" BARRINGTON, BACK
Quantico's atom bomb



FOOTBALL TEAM (cont.)



Football title trophy won by Quantico in All-Navy finale with NAS Alameda



Leatherneck's Sports Editor, Sergeant Gartz, making final team selections. Each first team member will receive one of the engraved gold football player statuettes shown in lower right

"SKEETER" QUINLAN, BACK San Diego MCB triple-threater

known. Whoever gets him will be getting a break.

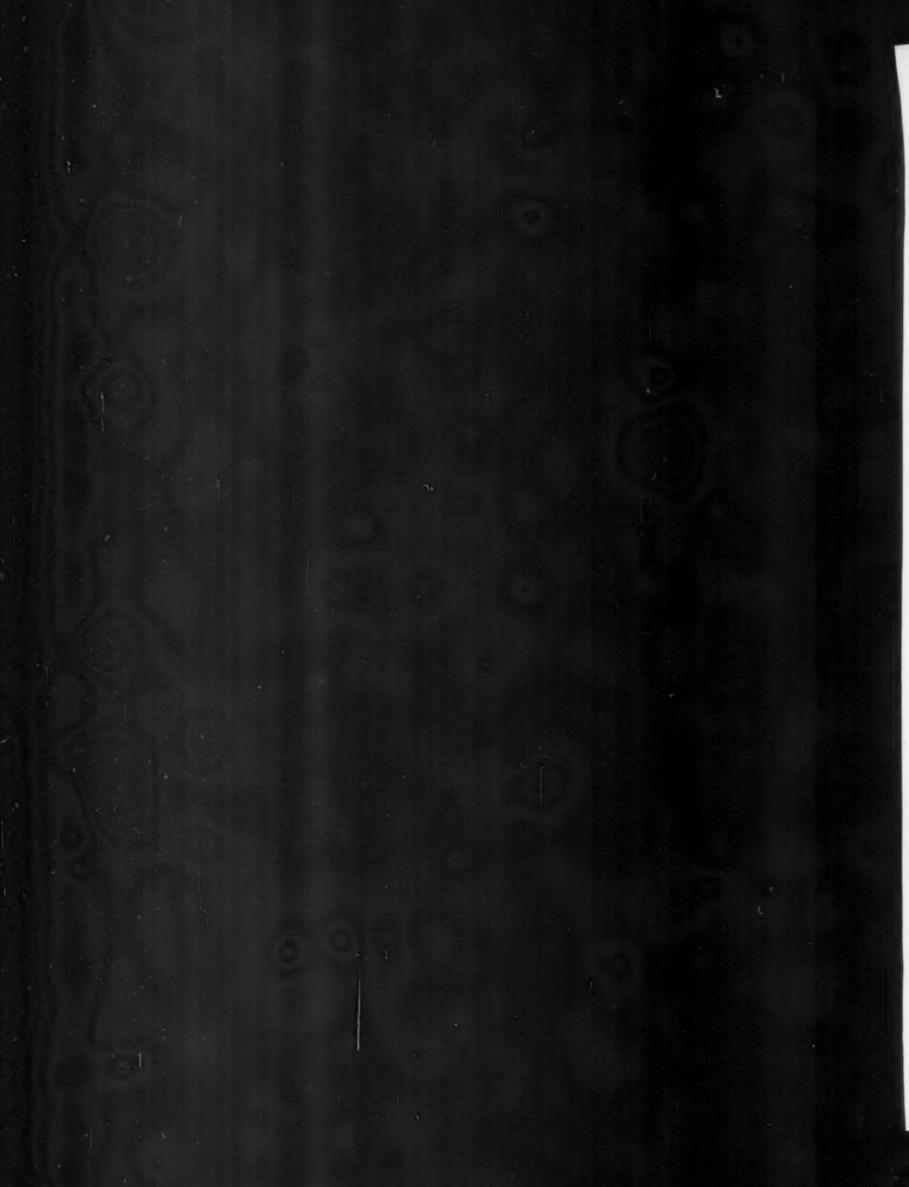
One guard position must be handed to PFC
William N. Franklin, another of El Toro's
forward-wall bulls. The Pendleton line will long
remember the going-over they got from this gent
in the 46-13 plastering they absorbed in their
meeting with Los Toros. The spectacular blocking of this lad out of El Paso made it possible
for many of his backfield buddies to break loose
for long gains during the course of the season.
Known as Bozo to his teammates, Franklin tips
the Toledo at 205 pounds. Prior to his entrance
in the Corps he had one year at SMU and plans
a return to the Dallas school after his discharge.

The other work-horse job falls on the shoulders of First Lieutenant Patrick Boyle of Quantico. With four years of high school ball in his home town of Duluth, Minn., and three seasons of varsity work at the University of Wisconsin, Boyle had no trouble in holding down the number one guard spot from the beginning. Defensively and offensively, his play was slam-bang from the opening whistle to the closing gun, both in the line and on down-field blocking. His just-short-of 200 pound frame moved with deceptive and devastating power.

The little guy in the center of the line with a firm grasp on the ball is Second Lieutenant William Jesse, known as "Bill" or "Jess" to his Quantico teammates. Just short of six-feet and weighing a "light" 195 qualifies him to be called little. Out of Missoula, Mont., where he made All-State honors, he managed two years at the Naval Academy, where he understudied the formidable Dick Scott for two years. Nigh unto perfect on offensive, he was really outstanding defensively. Operating in a roving position he was the chief diagnostician of enemy tactics.







"CHUCK" MILAM, TACKLE Pendleton's chunk o' granite



Flat passes meant sudden death in his territory and his interceptions were always good for longyard run-backs; one, in the Fort Benning game, added a TD after some 40 yards of ambling.

The first backfield spot is filled by a youngster who is still the topic of bull sessions on the West Coast, although the season has long since ended. "Skeet" Quinlan is carried on the muster rolls as Corporal Volney R. and the feats he performed with the Marine Corps Base club still provide fodder for much conversation. The fleet-footed quarterback led his league in scoring with 131 points, 71 more than his nearest opponent. Altogether he made 18 touchdowns and 23 points after touchdowns. Time after time he broke up what might have been close games with his elusive pigskin packing. Handicapped by bad knees all season, he was out of the season's opener with the Naval Training Center and saw little action against DesPac. These were the only two games the Basemen lost—both by the margin of extra points. He was one of the few triplethreat men operating in this season of specialists and his excellent performance of all three tasks made him dangerous opposition. Weight: apmade him dangerous opposition. Weight: approximately 170. Hometown: Grand Prairie, Tex. He may go to the Naval Academy next spring.

Down South Carolina way, in the vicinity of Parris Island, there is a fleet-footed, hard-running back who has looked exceptionally good all year. Sergeant Bayard "Rebel" Pickett is the lad we're referring to. He's of the Sullivan's Island Picketts and played four years for General Moultrie High School of that city and one season at the state university. Carrying 184 pounds on his 5 10" frame, he was the workhorse of Pl's backfield. He could powder the line or skirt the ends equally well. When in a broken field he looked, if one was imaginative enough, like old Major General G. E. leading the charge at Gaines' Mill. The "Rebel" was one of the few better offensive backs who looked just as good on defense; his line-backing work was superb. Wasn't it, Quantico?

No all-star setup would be complete without Second Lieutenant Joseph Bartos, outstanding Quantico Devildog back. "Big Joe" has a world of experience behind him; three years at his hometown high school in Lorain, Ohio; one year of V-12 at Notre Dame and three years of grid toil at the Naval Academy. A solidly packed 200 pounds piled up on 6' 2", he was the picture player on any field. Up to the final game with Alameda, he had packed the ball 86 times in



rushing attempts for a total of 692 yards—an average of eight yards per try. He caught 14 passes for 286 yards—an average of 20.4 yards for each trip. His runbacks of kicks and pass interceptions amounted to 234 yards in 15 trips for an average of 15.5 per jaunt. Overall they were all good for 15 TDs and 90 points. The figures for the Alameda game aren't at hand but we know his average didn't suffer in that contest. What more does a guy have to do? His hard, smashing tackles and blocks have been felt by opposing backs from Patuxent to Jacksonville. He belongs.

There's always a sailor horning in on Marine doings and this team is no exception. Pharmacist Mate First Class Glenn H. Barrington, another of Quantico's famed backfield, qualifies for the pile-driving spot by virtue of his jet-propelled smashes up the center alley for long gains. "Doc," for a Pharmacist Mate operating without benefit of a needle and knock-out drops, did more to wreak havoc on opposing lines and secondary defenders than any other back. Although scoring only two touchdowns during the year (not counting the two in the All-Navy final), his bruising line plunges by pulling in the secondary defense, usually set the stage for a score by a teammate via the pass or end sweep routes. He toted the pigskin 504 yards in 87 attempts for an average of 5.8 per rush and ran back two pass interceptions for 37 yards. His work in the Jacksonville semi-final and the Alameda finale was outstanding. He hails from Tampa, Fla., weighs 185 pounds and stands 5' 11". Previous football experience was obtained at the University of Florida in '42 and in V-12 at the University of Miami, in 1944. BuPers willing, he'll be back with the

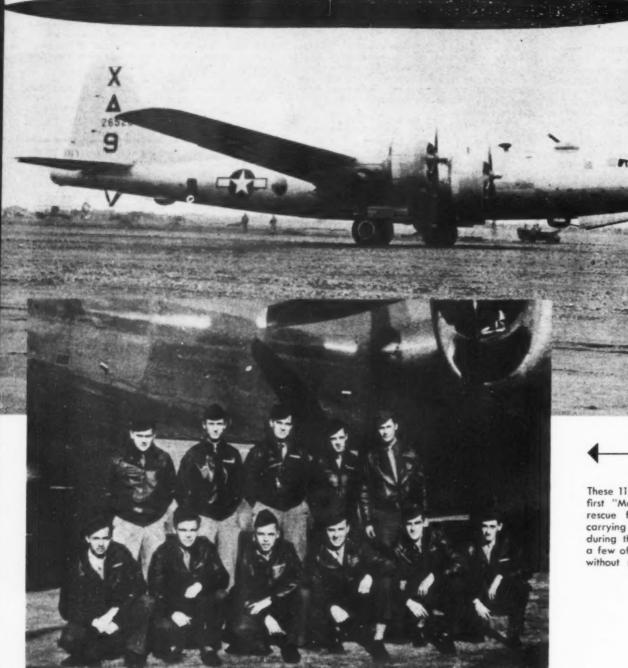
Devildogs in '48.

Well, there it is. It may not satisfy all hands, but then all-star teams seldom do. Each player selected on the first team will receive a small engraved, gold statuette of a football player, so that he may display it on the mantlepiece and tell his children, "You think this new-fangled XY. formation is something new? Why, shucks, back in '47 we used the "T" . . . etc. . . . END



Top row: O'Connor, Schmagle, Donahue, Kalaka, Davis, Harden, Jesse, Eagle, Thomas, Barrington, Third Row: Ass't coaches Major Wertman and 1stLt. Sigler; Stawicki, Schaeffer, Bazemore, Walker, McEvoy, Vosmik, Dawson, Bartos, Hargett, Boyle, Colonel E. A. Pollock, Head Coach LtCol. Marvin Stewart. Second row: Corpsman Futsh, Manager Butterbaugh, Mariades, Stirling, Mounts, Clement, Pucylowski, Place, Lubs, Brewer, McKenna, Buyers, Lynch. First row: Galbraith, Bordinger, Messina, Stith, Prete, Flores, Santo, Bender, Prochilo, Dove, "Doc" Lowe

THE FIRST 29



These 11 men composed the crew of the first "Monster" to be saved by Iwo's rescue facilities. Two thousand planes carrying some 22,000 men landed there during the remainder of the war. Only a few of them could have made it home without stopping off enroute to refuel

by J. William Welsh

O THE SOUTH, at varying altitudes, three transport planes, bearing medical supplies and bent on evacuating wounded Marines, headed north toward Iwo. On the island the embattled Third, Fourth and Fifth Divisions moved slowly forward against a stubborn Jap resistance. In a line that divided the island, the Marines were launching an all-out attack to take Airfield No. 2 in the center of the island.

In the Support Air Control room aboard the USS Auburn, flagship of the naval task force supporting the invasion, near-silence reigned. The ship was at anchor 3000 yards off the southern beaches of the sulphur isle.

The only thing to be heard in the thick-walled room was the voice of Commander G. B. Brown detailing instructions via radio to the three transport planes — "Give me a call when you are ten miles south of Point Oboe. Ov-ah." The usual hubub of activity was missing because low-hanging clouds had forced supporting carrier aircraft to remain aboard their ships cruising some 30 miles to the west. The controllers, who could make a lot of noise when there were planes in the air to direct, were almost quiet. Ship's time read 1340 hours. It was March 4, 1945.

The ugly sulphur island of Iwo Jima became a haven for crippled flying Superfortresses on the long haul home from raids on Japan

I had finished the ship's daily crossword puzzle and was looking for something to read to pass the As a member of the support control unit which, via radio, directed all air activity supporting the invasion of Iwo, I was assigned the duty of manning and holding control over the Air-Sea Rescue frequency. The unusual silence had about lulled me to sleep when this faint call came over my

"Hello, Gatepost. This is Nine Bakecable. We are lost. Give us a bearing, please. Over."

I must have jumped a good bit because Major J. B. Bertelling, a member of the control unit who had just returned from chow in the wardroom, came over to see what was up. He sat down as I called the lost plane.

"Hello, Nine Bakecable. This is Gatepost. Who are you? Over." Bertelling, having heard the plane's call sign, grabbed the call index which was in the middle of the table. Nine Bakecable called back. We are a monster. Short on fuel. Give us instructions, please." The way the voice pleaded each time it rolled a "please" across the ether, I felt as though I had been kicked in the stomach.

Looking up from the microphone I told Bertelling I had a "monster." He nodded his head and then, "B-29. They raided Japan this morning. Guess he's trying to get back to Guam."

Guam was 350 miles, two hours and 300 gallons

of gas away from Iwo. And this plane didn't know

Bertelling pulled on the red handlebar mustache which had been growing since we left Pearl Harbor two months before, meditated a moment, then asked, "Does he know where he is?"

I shook my head. The major thought a little more and then told me to get the plane's altitude. He hopped off for the Combat Information Center which, on the opposite side of the forward parti-tion of our room, housed the ship's radar scopes.

"They're flying at just 600 feet," I told him when he came back.

He whistled in shrill dismay.

Six hundred feet isn't much altitude to play

around with.
"He would almost have to be in visual contact with the island for the radar to pick him up at that altitude. Tell him, if possible, to climb — I'll have the CIC people assign a definite altitude for you to give him — and have him fly a rectangular partern. Ten miles on each leg. Have him start the rectangle on a vector of 270 degrees true."

I could scarcely catch the major's last words as he ran once more for CIC. He stopped on the way to pick up the inter-communications phone that was a direct wire to Admiral Hill, commander of the naval task force who held forth on the flying bridge, and gave the admiral's aide the word about

I called Nine Bakecable and passed on the in-structions. The B-29 radio operator "rogered" my transmission and asked that we take a bearing on his radio messages. "Wilcoing" and signing out, I asked Lieutenant Bob David, intelligence officer with the control unit, to call ship communications and have them monitor and use their Automatic Radio Direction Finder to take a bearing on Nine Bakecable when he called in again. David got on the phone immediately.

By climbing to a higher altitude as Bertelling suggested, the B-29 could, if it were close enough

for us to lend assistance, come within range of our radar set. The rectangular pattern would easily be identified on our scope. This, in itself, should locate it. But, to facilitate our finding the distance of the plane, a radio bearing would give us the exact degree

it was bearing from the ship.

Bertelling got back from CIC and wanted to raise Nine Bakecable so ship communications could take a bearing. I called the plane to ask if the IFF was in operation. IFF (Identification, Friendly or Foe) is a radar transmitter which, when in use, causes a distinctive blip to appear on all radar scopes in the area. Nine Bakecable answered, "affirmative."

Less than a minute later communications called

over the intercom:

"Nine Bakecable bears 356 degrees." The voice no sooner resounded in the room than Bertelling and David whipped into action, the major to tell the radar operators in CIC to be on the lookout for a plane in that direction and David to tell the admiral's aide of the new information.

Simultaneously I called the lost B-29 with instructions to have the pilot abandon his rectangular pattern and fly, instead, a heading of 176 degrees—a reciprocal of the direction in which the Superfort was bearing from Iwo.

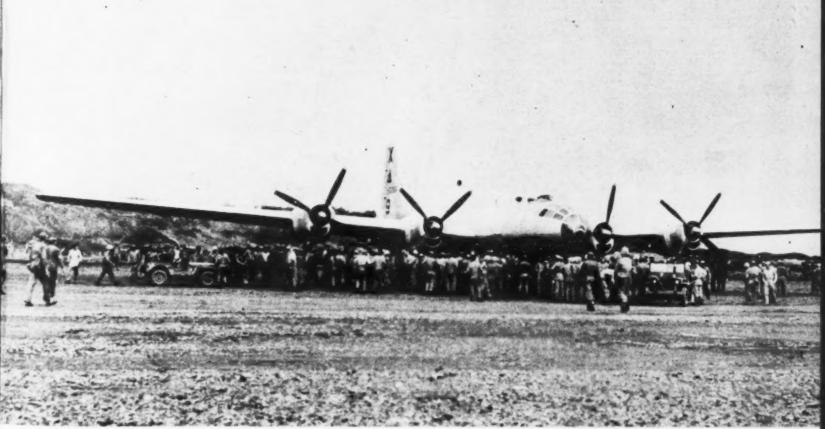
The B-29 radio operator came back with a nowlouder "roger," and all of us in the room settled down for a wait. Until a blip showed on the radar scope — if it did — we had done all we could. Our action, though unrehearsed and made without any previous experience in this sort of thing, had gone smoothly. From here on God and four engines would decide the fate of the plane and its crew.

Tension settled on the group. Though the room was air-conditioned, we began to literally sweat it out. If the Superfort did not have enough gas or if it was not close enough to us, we would never know exactly where it dipped into the ocean. A search for it would most likely prove futile.

Two minutes passed. The admiral called down for any further information which we might have.

There was none

It hadn't taken long for word to spread that we had a 29 on the hook. Officers and men began to filter into the room, all of them anxious to get the full story of what had preceded their entrance. Everybody was tense.



Curious Marines gathered to watch the first B-29 prepare to take off after it had been refueled. The Superfort was badly hurt in a raid

over the Jap homeland and lost its bearings on the return journey. Radio men from the Support Air Control of the USS Auburn guided it in

The fight for Iwo Jima still raged when the unfinished

field received its first B-29 in distress

Five minutes ticked off like five years. The major had me order all planes not in actual emergency off the Air-Sea rescue frequency. Cmdr. Brown called the incoming transport planes to warn them a bomber in trouble was trying to come in.

The admiral called again.

Eight minutes had passed before Bertelling suddenly came alive and called ashore to have the Cata-lina rescue plane alerted at Motoyama No. One, which was in Marine Corps control but still less than a thousand yards from the front lines.

Another three minutes marched away. Suddenly,

David, whom Bertelling had posted in CIC to act

as liaison, burst into the Support Air quarters with the word that an IFF had been spotted on a 350-degree bearing, about 60 miles away. "Coggie (Lieu-tenant H. M. Coggleshal who was fighter director officer for the task force and in control of the Auburn's CIC) says tell the plane to have its radar operator on the lookout for Kita Iwo. It should be on their radar scope now at about a 30 de-gree heading. Kita is 30 miles north of Iwo Jima." David was so excited his talk came too fast to be well understood. There was pandemonium in the small room. I asked David to repeat Coggie's instruction and the major quieted the crowd so I might get a message through to the lost plane. I suppose, if I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget how relieved that crewman sounded as he answered, "Thanks, Gatepost. Many thanks.

And a happy New Year to you . . ."

He was screaming at the top of his voice, as if he were trying to thank us without the use of the radio. You take Beethoven or Bach for sweet sounds if you like, but for my moments of relaxation I'll take the harmonic memory of the sound in that excited operator's voice as, 60 miles away, he breathed a sigh of relief that only a man who has walked with death can breathe.



An island which once was a Japanese fortress became American property after being seized by the Marines who took this enemy anti-aircraft gun

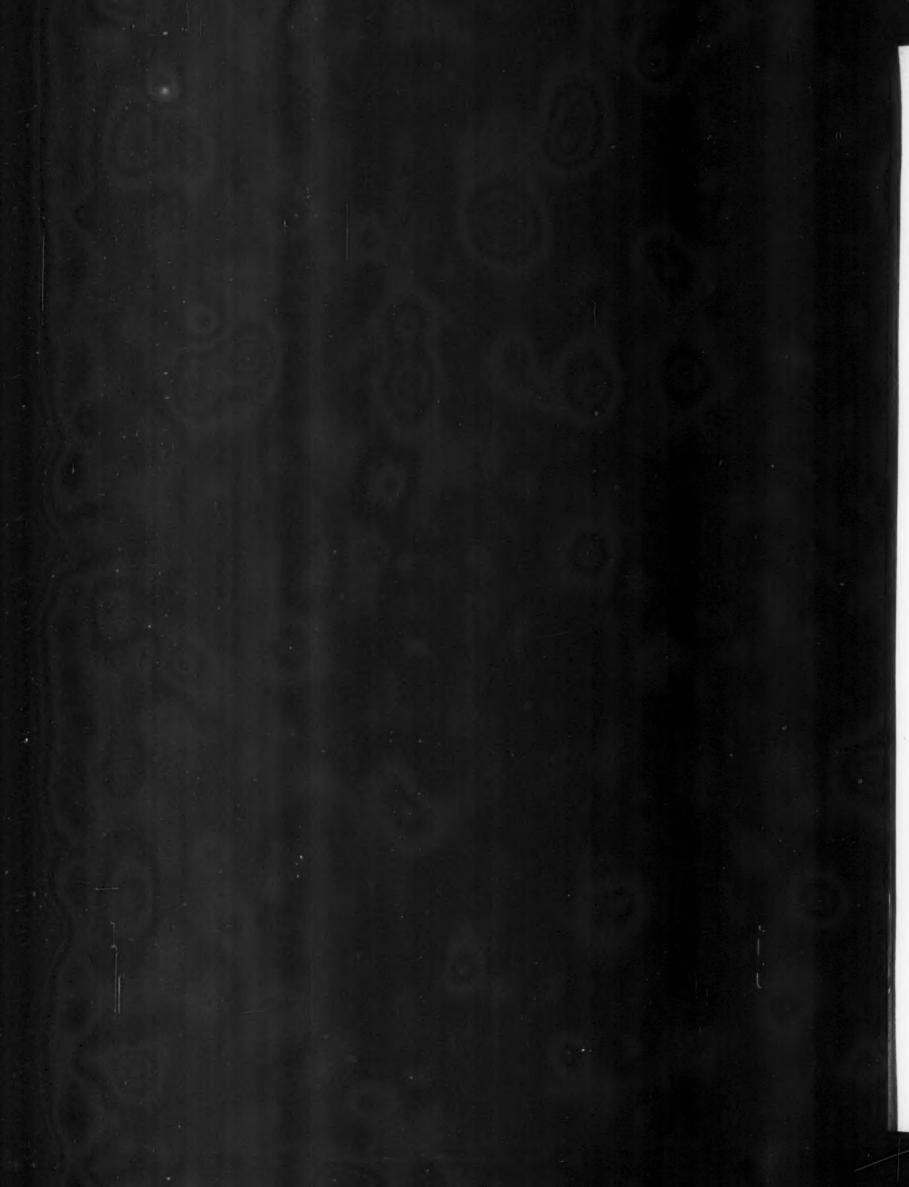
along with the valuable airfield. The B-29 in the background force-landed on Motoyama field just before the cameraman took this symbolic photograph

It was to men in this small room, the home of Air Support Control aboard the Auburn, that members of the first B-29 crew owed their lives. They

picked up the distressed plane's message and by use of radio and radar mapped out a course that would head it in the direction of the island







In about 30 seconds he called back to tell us that Kita was in sight and that the pilot was squared away on his location. His voice was still jubiliant.

Then he had to know what he planned to do, ditch near the island or pancake on it. I called back to ask. Came the answer, loud and clear:

"We'll pancake, Gatepost."
"Roger. We'll have the field cleared. Field control frequency is Channel How, call is Herman. Good luck, over."

'Wilco, Gatepost. Thank you and out.'

About 20 minutes later we saw her, a gleaming 29 pushing through the solid overcast, flying into line with the single runway on Iwo's southernmost strip and headed for a straight-in approach. Despite heavy anti-aircraft fire from the Japs on the northern half of the island, Lieutenant Ray Malo, the pilot, chose to drag the field once and take a good look a second time before he finally brought the big bomber in, wheels down, on the third approach. At the field, Marines who were waiting to go up

for front-line relief flocked around the sky-giant as soon as it landed — but not for long. Fully aware that this plane, this bomber that could fly to Japan, was more important than others that had stopped on Iwo, the Japs began to throw shells at the air-strip hoping to get its range.

Mechanics worked hastily to repair Nine Bakecable's main fuel-line which had been shot out over Japan and whose deficiency caused a fuel shortage cutting off gas from the main tanks to the engines. Within 30 minutes from the time the B-29's wheels touched the strip of packed sulfuric soil, it was ready to take to the air again. As it taxied into takeoff position and revved its motors in the shadow of the immortal Mount Suribachi, Jap artillery peppered the path it would have to take. But Nine Bakecable thundered down the runway, cleared the ground just 50 feet shy of the strip's end and pointed its nose southeast to Guam, and home.

NINE Bakecable was the first of thousands of Superforts that would be saved, in the long limp home from a mission over Japan, by the avail-ability of Iwo as an intermediate haven.

That night, when his buddies went to a briefing for the next day's mission, Nine Bakecable's radio operator, Sergeant Ray Cox, sat down and wrote his father of his narrow squeak. He gave the Marines credit. "Those Marines on Iwo," he said, "have it rough as hell."

Eight days later Admiral Nimitz declared Iwo

Jima a U. S. possession.

In the months that followed more than 2000 B-29's, unable to make it to home bases in the Marianas, landed on the sulphur isle. Those planes carried 22,000 men. At least half of those 22,000

would have known a watery grave.

The importance of Iwo is best described by a letter written to Admiral Nimitz from Maj. Gen.
Willis H. Hale, acting commander of the Army Air Force in the Pacific and deputy commander of the Twentieth Air Force, which was the B-29 command. The letter was written when the war's end was in

"The Marines on Iwo Jima . . . were too immersed in the hellish battle to realize on March 4 that the idea of Iwo Jima was paying off — paying off ahead of schedule. That day a single B-29, returning from a mission that further twisted and contorted the industrial innards of Japan, made an emergency landing on the Iwo Jima airstrip - captured by the Marines only a few hours earlier.

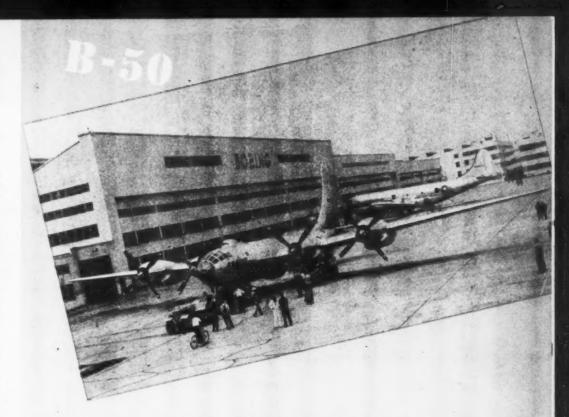
'It was a very big shadow cast two weeks ago by the single B-29 across the bodies of the fighting men on Iwo Jima. It lengthens over the entire

Japanese empire."

Nine Bakecable lived to make another emergency landing on Iwo, on April 12, 1945, after it had been badly hit over the enemy homeland. This time Lieut. Malo decided to return to Guam without it. With the exception of two men, whom he left with the damaged plane, he brought the crew with him and was assigned a new plane. The two left behind on Iwo were Sergeant R. W. Brackett, the right gunner, and Sergeant C. W. Hackman, tail gunner. So Brackett and Hackman missed the fate of their buddies who, on April 15, were hit over Kawasaki and never returned to base. Hackman was killed the following month when the plane he was assigned to, crashed on take-off at Tinian.

Brackett survived the war.

PHOTOS BY OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOGRAPHERS



E FORTRESS FAMILY

by PFC Michael Gould, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

EAR ADMIRAL TOSHITANE TAKATA, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Japanese Combined Fleet, told military interrogators that "Superfortresses were the greatest single factor in forcing Japan's surrender." In this admission he had handed American Air power a generous salute at a time when almost every Jap was attempting to place the responsibility of capitulation upon the atomic bomb. Later, when time had wafted away the nuclear fumes, many top-ranking Nipponese joined the admiral in admitting that Japan was ready to fold prior to the first atomic bombing.

Japan's production facilities had been blown and burned out by incessant B-29 attacks, and she was left with nothing but a large suicide air force of 5000 planes, waiting for an invasion which

never came.

The B-29 was not conceived and produced overnight. It was developed from its predecessor, the world-famed B-17 Flying Fortress, which crushed German industry with thousand-plane air raids. Built first in 1938, the B-17 was called the "guts and backbone of our world-wide aerial offensive" by General "Hap" Arnold during the initial war years. The Flying Fortress remained the backbone of the air force until 1943 when B-29's went into production at the Boeing plants.

Many new features were incorporated into the B-29: Push-button gun control, which adds all of the variables of gun firing; speed of the aircraft and that of the target, angle of target's approach, and trajectory, allowing hits to be scored which never would have been made by the unaided gunner. Although the prewar Boeing Stratocruiser had been equipped with pressurized cabins the B-29 was the first American operational combat aircraft to use them. When it went into battle, it was the fastest, most powerful and most advanced heavy bomber in the

The offspring of the Superfortress, the new B-50, which is slated to succeed its parent, retains the best of the B-29 and resembles the old Superfortress. The only noticeable difference is the additional superfortress. tion of five feet of height to the dorsal fin, necessitated by more powerful engines. Four 3500 horsepower Pratt and Whitness Wasp Major engines pull the B-50 at a steady, normal 300 miles per hour, The engines represent a 59 per cent increase in power over the B-29. A novel feature is the folding convenience of the three-story-high dorsal fin which turns on a worm gear, allowing the aircraft to be serviced in standard sized hangars.

This latest member of the Fortress family is, in all probability, the last generation. Heavy, long-range experimental bombers, newer than the B-50, have been flight tested and others are still in the process of design but most of the latter aircraft are of a radical nature.

A Marine

Gunny uses

a lot of ingenuity to

break up

a recruiting racket

down Samoa way



HE OUTRIGGER'S long bow with the peeling white paint pulled slowly out of Pago Pago harbor to the rhythmic chant of an ancient Samoan war song. The morning sky was a hot glaring blue, except for the rain clouds which as usual covered the sharp peak of Matafac. Once past the reef, the half-caste set the course for a green mass to the east which was the island of Launua, part of the chain under the jurisdiction of the Naval Government of American Samoa.

In the bow, picking his nails with a Nicaraguan throwing knife, sat one of the famous characters of the U. S. Marine Corps, Gunnery Sergeant Gordon Lee. Short, stocky, tremendous shoulders, red mustache waxed at the ends, and large pale blue eyes set against a sun-blackened face. Twelve years in the service and he wore the five stripes of a gunnery sergeant. You had to have something on the ball to reach this rank in the palmy peace time days of 1940. People looked twice at a third cruise gunnery sergeant.

Lee considered his assignment. He didn't like it. It might take two or three weeks or longer.

The lieutenant was too enthusiastic about this recruiting for the Samoan Marines. Lee looked with misgiving on enthusiastic lieutenants. This lad was really all right. He'd make a good officer if he had the right NCOs to show him the ropes.

The lieutenant had pointed at the map and said, "I am going to send you to Launua, Lee. There is something wrong there."

"Aye aye, Sir."

"They say that you had quite a way with the Gooks in the Guardi

The gunnery sergeant grinned. "I'll do my best, Sir." reflected back over the conversation. It was funny how you got taged with a name in the service. If you did good with a machine gun one everybody would think of you as a hot shot machine gunner for the a 30 years.

The lieutenant was right about there being something wrong in Launua. Sergeant Henderson, who had been the regular Marine in charge of the detachment, wouldn't talk. Seemed to be scared. Something funny there. Henderson had a good record in Nicaragua. Launua had a population of 2500 but only 20 recruits for the Samoan Marines. The village of Nu'uuli on the main island had less people but over a hundred recruits. The lieutenant was right. Something smelled funny.

He turned toward the half-caste in the stern. "Hey, lad," he growled. "Who number one big high chief in Launua."

by Major Harold L. Oppenheimer

OUGH MAN OF



Enroute to the island Gunny Lee relaxed in the swiftly moving canoe



The youth flashed his white teeth. "Him Malu. He number two tough man of Launua." "Who is number one tough man of Launua?"

"He is Taopale, son of High Talking Chief. He kill many sharks with short knife. He kill two men with only hands. Policeman from Pago he never find body. People of Launua scared to say because Taopale he son of High Talking Chief. I think maybe he join Samoan Marines." The teeth of the half caste flashed in a smirk. "You think maybe he too tough for Samoan Marines?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the gunnery sergeant. "Many tough men in Marines." "See that fellow there," said the half-caste, point-ing to the native in front of Lee. "He make home in Launua.

The native was a tall slender boy of 19 or 20 with muscles that rippled as he paddled. "What's your name, lad?" asked the gunnery sergeant, touching him on the shoulder.

m on the shoulder.

The boy turned his head without interrupting his stroke, revealing a face of keen intelligence. Paluma, sir," he said.

"You like join Samoan Marines?" asked the gun-

nerv sergeant. 'Oh, yes sir!" said the boy eagerly. "I join when

I save more money When you save more money?"

"Yes sir. When I get the fifty dollars."
"What fifty dollars?" asked the gunnery sergeant.
"The fifty dollars we pay to be all same like

"Who do you pay this fifty dollars to?"

Taopale

"Well, well, well," said Lee. "That is very interest-ing. Taopale start new custom. I bring back old custom. You tell people of Launua that join Marine Corps no cost nothing. People of Baunua that John Marine Corps.

Marine Corps pay people." The gunnery sergeant paused to let this startling information sink in.

"Marine Corps pay people \$21 every month. You make private one stripe or corporal and Marine Corps pay more money

Paluma paddled silently for a few minutes digesting this information. With a puzzled air he turned.

The half-caste at the helm knew his business, and after picking the right wave and paddling frantically, they rode it in through the narrow break. Everybody got wet from the spray on both sides. The arrival of a canoe was a big event, and half the island was lined up on the beach awaiting them.

Twelve Samoan Marines in khaki lavalavas and dirty white skivvy shirts, armed with the old '03 rifle, did a ragged attempt at present arms when the gunnery sergeant stepped ashore. Lee gave them, "At Ease," and asked, "Which of you speak English?"

None of them did. Or at least none of them would admit it. Lee surveyed them for a minute in silence. The crowd had circled them and there was lots of whispering. A young girl giggled.

The gunnery sergeant turned to the young member of the canoe's crew, Paluma. He asked, "Do you want to join the Samoan Marines right now?"

Paluma hesitated, embarrassed that he had been singled out before so many people. "I think so maybe, but Taopale no like. He want everybody ask him first before join Samoan Marine. Then pay

The old lavalava predominated in the mode of dress

"Me no understand. Marine Corps no cost nothing." "Right you are, my lad. Marine Corps no cost nothing!" said the gunnery sergeant emphatically.

"Money Marine Corps give man every month all same belong to man?

'Right you are. What do Samoan Marines in Launua do with money pay officer bring?

'Sergeant Henderson, he old time chief, he say money for High Talking Chief. Taopale he take all money after pay officer get in boat. Then our family must pay Sergeant Henderson five dollars every

month so we can stay in Marines."
"Well, well, well," said Lee. "I bring new custom. All Samoan Marines can keep money Marine Corps pay. Marine Corps pay money to Samoan Marine, not to Taopale

Paluma thought this over carefully. He turned with a quizzical expression. "I no think Taopale like new custom.

"I'll bet you're right my lad," said the gunnery sergeant pleasantly

Paluma spoke in Samoan rapidly with another native in the boat. The other man looked uneasy

and shook his head negatively

Lee stared expressionless at the approaching island. One could distinguish the coconut palms

along the beach and the square brown tare patches on the green hill slopes.

Paluma turned again to Lee and indicated the man with whom he had been speaking. "He come from Launua too. I tell him that yea bring new custom, I say no cost nothing to join Marine Corps. He say new custom very good, but he no join Samoan Marine because he have very much fear. He am very much afraid of Taopale. He think maybe he no pay Taopale, maybe Taopale kill him or burn down his fale. He have too big fear of Taopale. Taopale number one tough man of Launua. All people of Launua have very much fear. I think many people think same like this man.

LEE toyed with his knife and watched the clear blue water glide smoothly past the canoe. The roar of the surf crashing on the coral reef was becoming louder. He shifted the box of provisions and his gear so he could turn and face the approaching island. There was just a single passage in the dangerous reef that surrounded Launua. It was opposite the main village and could only be navigated by long boats or canoes with skillful coxswains that knew the spot. The island had been pretty much bypassed by the white man. Even in the days when the price of copra was high, it had been neglected by the trading schooners because of its inaccessability

The islanders were noted throughout the Samoan group for their stubbornness and conservatism. They still spoke Samoan with the ancient dialect using "t" instead of the "k" and many of the words used in their everyday speech were only found elsewhere in the formal ceremonies of the kava feasts The best efforts of the occasional missionaries could not get them into trousers and dresses, and both sexes persisted in going about stripped to the waist in the old lavalava. Lip service was paid to the white man's God, but they kept a weather eye on the old "aitus" too.

Taopale fifty dollar. Taopale no like fellow speak English to join Samoan Marine, me think."

Why is that?" asked Lee.

"He like to make all talk with Samoan Marine himself only. No like American sergeant make talk. very bad custom for Launua. He like Samoan Marine to speak only Samoan. Then they no can hear American sergeant. If American officer or sergeant want to talk to Samoan Marine, he go see Taopale. Taopale speak good English. He used to be petty officer in FitaFita guard in Pago. Then he do bad thing and get big court-martial.

"That is very interesting," said the gunnery ser-geant. "Now my lad, you listen to me. You join Samoan Marine, you no have to be afraid of Taopale. Maybe Taopale number one tough man of Launua, but me plenty tough man too. Maybe more tough than Taopale. You see these five stripes on my arm?"

He pointed to his gunnery sergeant's chevrons. He showed them to the crowd. Something in his bearing caused them to fall silent. His red moustaches bristled ominously. "In Marine Corps five stripes mean I kill five men. Each man I kill, Marine Corps give me stripe. Easy way to get promotion

The crowd hung breathless on his words. Paluma grinned in delight. The gunnery sergeant paused dramatically."Two men I kill like this!"There was a flash of steel and the heavy knife that had been at Lee's belt hurtled through the air to bury itself in the narrow trunk of a papaya tree.

"How you kill the other three men, sir?" asked

Paluma with respect.

"The gunnery sergeant retrieved his knife and slowly let his eyes sweep the crowd. "The other three men, I kill by magic." The superstitious erowd imperceptibly drew back. In a loud voice Paluma translated everything into Samoan. The crowd drew back even further. Paluma approached the gunnery sergeant and counted the last three stripes out loud.

"Tolu, Fa, Lima," he shouted, and held up three fingers. "Three men he kill by magic." The gunnery

sergeant nodded his head in confirmation. "How did you kill them, Sir?" asked Paluma.

The gunnery sergeant's face assumed a sinister expression as he looked at the crowd. "I sent my private aiku for them. Maybe I send my aiku for all of you!" He broke into a wild roar of laughter. Yelling in terror the crowd scattered and ran for the bush. The ranks of the Samoan Marines began to waver. "Detail, attenTION!" roared the gunnery sergeant. The rank froze and quivered in fright. "At Ease."

Paluma grinned in happiness." Now I join Samoan Marines. You very much different people than Sergeant Henderson. I no afraid Taopale now. People all think you are devil devil man. Maybe old Aiku come back from Hell."

"You don't think so, eh." asked Lee.
Paluma grinned. "I go many years to missionary school in Motusaga. I no believe in devil man or magic. But I think very good lie to tell people. Now maybe they be more afraid you than Taopale."

The gunnery sergeant gave Paluma a broad wink. "I think you and I will make a great team, my lad. Now tell these boys to pick up my gear and we'll go nd ly, dy val oas nd 03 he m, ?" illd ce. of

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The main village of Launua was built around a hollow square. In the center of the square was the big thatched guest house used as a barracks or fale fitafita for the Launua detachment of Samoan Marines. The gunnery sergeant gave directions as to how he wanted his iron bunk and mosquito net set up. The village which had been deserted slowly began to show signs of returning life. The open square was given a wide berth as the people were convinced that Lee was a devil devil man.

Lee noticed an air of tenseness and expectancy among the Samoan Marines and even Paluma.
What are you people so jittery about?" he asked. "High Chief and Taopale maybe come by and by," said Paluma. "We all have much fear." "Where are they now? Why weren't they down

at the beach to greet me like in the other villages on Tutuila?'

Paluma spoke rapidly in Samoan with one of the other boys and turned to the gunnery sergeant. "He say that when people see boat come, that Taopale tell all chiefs to go into jungle and make magic at temple of old gods of Launua. Taopale say he think maybe big trouble come to Launua."

'I think maybe big trouble come not to Launua, but maybe big trouble come to Taopale," was the

gunney's quick reply.

Reassured by the gunnery sergeant's calm demeanor, Paluma managed a weak smile. "I think maybe you right. If you no right, be very bad for me and my family. Maybe Taopale he kill, or put under tabu, and we have to leave island."

The oppressive silence of the village was broken by the eerie note of an ancient conch shell horn. Paluma and the other boys turned rigid. At the far end of the square a procession of giant men clothed in lavalavas made of tapa cloth with their faces and chests hideously painted, emerged from the jungle and slowly walked to the high chief's fale. None of them even glanced at the fale fitafita of the Somoan

Lee unconcernedly went about arranging his equipment. After a few minutes a youth of about 16 humbly entered the barracks hut from the low side rather than the main entrance reserved for people of

importance. The gunnery sergeant did not look up.
The youth timidly began. "Sir, the chiefs sit at meeting. They wish you to come to them." The gun-nery sergeant seemed not to hear. The boy repeated message. The gunnery sergeant turned to Paluma.

"From now on you are my walkie talkie chief. You tell this boy I am big chief in Marine Corps. I am five stripe sergeant in Marines. Very important man!" He counted his chevrons out loud. "Tell this boy to go back to chiefs and tell them that Gunnery Sergeant Gordon Lee is too important a man to come to chiefs. Chiefs must come to him. The five stripe sergeant has spoken.

Although the youth spoke English and understood everything, Paluma explained to him again in Samoan with gestures. Paluma's eyes shone in recklessness. He had cast his lot with the gunnery ser-geant, let the chips fall where they may.

The timid young messenger from the chiefs, almost in tears, withdrew. He left again by the side of the fale, ducking under the low vertical rain mats, and headed toward the chiefs' hut. In a few minutes a tall young Samoan with the high tatooing of a chief's family, painted with black and white stripes, and dressed in the ceremonial tapa approached the barracks hut and entered through the main entrance with a stately stride. He halted before the gunnery sergeant who was now cleaning his pistol. The gunnery sergeant did not notice him.

The young chief began, "I be the second son of the

High Talking Chief of Launua.

The gunnery sergeant looked up in amazement.
"What? You are only the son of the High Talking Chief? Then what are you doing talking to me. speak only to High Chiefs and Samoan Marines. If ou have message then you talk to my special walkie talkie chief, Paluma here.'

The young man was discomfited. "But Paluma, he no chief, just son of common man."

Wrong you are, my lad. Paluma he now Samoan Marine. Same like chief. I make new custom in Launua.

The young man addressed Paluma. "Chiefs say tell five stripe sergeant that very bad for Samoan cus tom for chiefs come see stranger. Samoan custom for stranger come see chiefs." Paluma repeated the message to Lee who had pretended not to be able to hear the young chief.

Slowly the gunnery sergeant got to his feet. His red moustaches began to vibrate with anger. His saucer like eyes dilated. The voice that could carry

from one end of the Parris Island parade ground to the other roared out in a sound like thunder."Go! Go! Tell the chiefs to come or I shall make magic to make the sea rise and cover all of Launua." To punctuate his remarks he fired his pistol twice over the head of the young chief. The Samoan fled in terror. Paluma repeated the threat in Samoan at the top of his voice. At the far end of the village some women started wailing.

From the chiefs' house came the sound of shouts and loud argument. "What are they saying, lad?"

asked Lee of Paluma.

'Old High Chief say to chiefs to come like you say. Taopale say that you tell lie, that you can not make sea rise and cover Launua. Then old High Chief say maybe you right, maybe Taopale right, but he no want to take chance. He no want to drown if Taopale wrong. I think maybe chiefs come now Young chief that just here, he say you devil devil for sure. He no want to come again." Paluma for sure. He no want to come again." Paluma grinned. "I think maybe you bring new custom to

THE procession of the island dispute them in the chief's hut and marched toward them in THE procession of the island dignitaries left regal splendor. By their heavy impassive features no one could have told that anything unusual was happening. Lee noticed with surprise how large they were. The ancient Polynesian royalty used to breed for size. Most were over six feet and the older ones were generally over 200 pounds. Many of them were flabby and fat but not the scowling giant who walked on the right at the head of the column. He had a bone through the septum of his nose. Lee wondered if this were an old Polynesian custom or something the Samoan had seen in a Hollywood

"The man with bone through nose, he Taopale,"

whispered Paluma.
"Hmm," said the gunnery sergeant. His experienced eye could tell that this was a formidable

Now I fix your throne, Sir," said Paluma. He unfolded Lee's camp chair and placed it at the far end of the fale fitafita, facing the main entrance. The gunnery sergeant, looking like a Norse version of Julius Caesar, sat in it and Paluma sat cross legged on his right. Paluma directed the other Samoan Marines to stand at attention behind Lee

When the chiefs entered, Paluma gave them seating directions according to their rank. All sat down except Taopale who contemptuously disregarded the instructions. Lee sat impassively staring out toward the entrance, seeming to see nothing. Taopale spat out a couple of words in Samoan at Paluma who suddenly appeared ill at ease. The great eyes of the gunnery sergeant came to rest on Taopale. Suddenly with a series of movements so fast that no one could tell which happened first, a bullet was planted be-tween the feet of the son of the High Talking Chief and a knife quivered in the beam over his head. Taopole's expression did not change although the

other chiefs trembled with fear. Taopale, despite his outlandish appearance, began in excellent English. Gunnery Sergeant, you can not frighten me with children's tricks. I spent 11 years in the Fita Fita Guard in Pago. You will not shoot me. You do not want 20 years in Portsmouth Naval Prison.

"My lad," said Lee, "you listen very well to my words because they may be the last ones you'll ever hear. This pistol I am holding has a filed off sear catch with about a one-ounce pull. If I should jar it against the arm of this chair, it would put a bullet right in your belly. At the court-martial I should claim that I dropped it. My defense attorney would so cross up any of these native witnesses that I

should be acquitted. If by any chance you should unfortunately survive, do you think anyone would take your word? You who have received a bad conduct discharge from the Naval Service?"

Glowering with hate and fear Taopale sat down. The gunnery sergeant then stared at the assembled chiefs till they dropped their eyes. He began: "I bring new custom to Launua. The Marine Corps is free. It no cost nothing to join. A man does not have to pay the Marine Corps each month. The Marine Corps, it pays the man." He paused. Taopale started to translate. The gunnery sergeant waved the pistol at him. "Oh no you don't. I have my own walkie talkie chief to translate." He motioned to Paluma who translated to the chiefs.

There was a buzz of conversation. Several of the

chiefs looked meaningfully at Taopale. The old High Chief shouted something at him in anger. Taopale said nothing and stared sullenly at the floor mat.

What are they saying, Paluma?" asked Lee "They say that this all same very different thing. Taopale and Sergt. Henderson tell many lie. Launua hard to bring boat in. Not much trade. Have plenty chow but very few dollar. Only very rich man able to pay Marine Corps each month. Whole family and clan must work very hard to make enough money to keep son in Marine Corps. Now they find out Marine Corps pay man, everyone wants to be

One of the chiefs respectfully asked Lee a question. Paluma translated. "He want to know how much cost khaki lavalava and Samoan Marine skivvy shirt with red sash?"

Tell him that the Marine Corps gives the Samoan Marine his uniform free. It no cost nothing.

Paluma translated. There was a jabber of words. The chiefs began to smile and nod in agreement. Finally the old High Chief leaned toward Paluma and asked something in a low voice. The other chiefs glanced at the gunnery sergeant, shifted uneasily and eyed the exit of the hut.
"Pardon me, Sir," said Paluma. "But the old High

Chief he want to know if it true that you real devil

The gunnery sergeant rose to his feet and all of the chiefs cowered back. In a strangely impressive voice You chiefs will go back to your villages and tell all the people of the bush and all the people of the hills that I am not a devil devil man, but I am Marine. Wherever Marine go, he number tough man. Same like big Samoan chief in olden time. You bring your sons to Marine Corps. Marine Corps he make your sons plenty tough men. Taopale here he make big talk but he not real tough. Real toughness it no come from here." The gunnery sergeant pointed to the muscle in his arm. "Real toughness it come from here and here." He pointed to his forehead and his heart. Paluma translated.

After the Chiefs arose to go, the Old High Chief turned and said something to Lee "What did he say, Paluma?

"He want to know if he too old to become Samoan Marine

Tell him," said that suave diplomat Gunnery Sergeant Gordon Lee, "That I shall make him my chief advisor for the island of Launua."



by Carl Correale

MERICAN fighting men who were overseas had an opportunity to observe A overseas had an opportunity by how foreigners lived, loved, laughed, how foreigners lived, loved, laughed, when and labored. They were astonished when they discovered that the things an American took for granted and considered commonplace seemed almost priceless to foreigners. Many of them had become luxury items.

In England, it was: "Got any gum, chum?" In France: "Du chocolat pour ma soeur,

monsieur.

In Germany: "Ein Zigarette fur Papa,

Meinherr."

In Korea: . . well, that's a story in itself!
We shipped out of Okinawa two months
after V-J Day to take over Jap-controlled public utilities, engineer depots, and some small military installations in southern Korea. A week after lumbering flat-bot-tomed LSTs had dumped our regiment in the city of Pusan, everyone settled down; everything was under control. We relaxed. There was nothing else to do in that un-romantic place. No one worked, duties had been cut to a minimum. High-pointers

job of housekeeping. The colonel was happily impressed. Our last stop was Company "A". It was farthest from Regimental headquarters. There was no doubt that this company would compare with the others in spite of the limitations of this impoverished country.

Yet, when our Jeep rolled into a dazzling semicircular driveway which arched neatly into Company A's area, the colonel was profuse in his praise. When he congratulated Captain Brown, the company commander, all he got in return was a broad grin and a "Thanks, Colonel." There was no doubt that this drive, with its topcoat of sparkling, white, fresh sand, would put the company far ahead of the others. There just wasn't any contest. They stood to take the inspection . . . hands down! The smug expressions on the faces of the men who saluted us as we left were evidence that they knew they would get to Seoul first.

Before we reached Headquarters the colonel remarked, "It beats me how Brown found sand like that in this barren neck of the woods when my entire engineer section couldn't find a single grain after scouring the country for a whole week."

I enlightened him. "The first-sergeant

I didn't expect the companies we've seen to impress you too much. After all, there's only so much the men can do, considering their handicaps. However, I think you'll see something at this next company that well, I'd rather let you see for yourself. All I dare say is . . . this company really put-out for this inspection and I'm really proud of their accomplishments.

The spectacle that greeted our party as we drove into Company "A's" area was impressive, all right. So much so, that I'm sure the colonel must have had a fleeting wish that he had never been commissioned! For, in the driveway, so neat and clean the day before, there now was a melee of Koreans and GIs staging a frantic, noisy, wild battle royal!

The Koreans appeared to be trying to scoop-up the white surface into an assortment of baskets, boxes, and bags. The GIs were trying to haul them off bodily, to recoup their precious driveway. It sure looked as if this was a field problem not covered by regulations, nor by any known field manual . . . considering how unsuccessfully the campaign was being fought by the defenders.

A bewildered perplexed Capt. Brown

RIVEWAY

VI CIN

Here's proof that "all that sparkles is not sand"

dreamed of going home; low-pointers (and this group was in the majority) hoped for furloughs to Seoul, reputed to be the "New York" of Korea.

When a directive from General Headquarters arrived on the colonel's desk its effect was electrical. It jolted the dreamers and hopers out of their lethargy. The colonel's appearance at mess with a tie was a definite indication that the good-old "spit-and-polish" would return.

That night, the colonel read a portion of the directive at the company commanders' meeting:

"THE REGIMENT WILL BE PRE-PARED TO STAND GENERAL IN-SPECTION WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT (48) HOURS AFTER RECEIPT

He banged the table-top violently, de-anded: "I want spit-and-polish in this manded: regiment like I've never had it before! Tell your men that the company which makes the best showing will be the first company to get recreation furloughs to Seoul. ought to get the results I want. Let's put on a show that the general won't ever

The following afternoon, the colonel and made a preliminary inspection. The other companies had done an outstanding told me one of his platoon sergeants found a stockpile in a shed of the depot they're ruhning. Brown put a special guard over it and ordered all but company personnel out of the depot until after inspection. You remember. You couldn't get in there yourself this morning, until Brown escorted you . . . personally."
"That's right. Still, that Brown is a

clever officer.'

The next day, even if the general showed no outward signs of either approval or disapproval, the inspection went passably well. He looked, asked questions, nodded frequently and smiled occasionally. That's all. It was difficult to tell what kind of man he was. From previous experiences with many generals in two theatres of operations, I had long ago concluded that, like any of us, there were two kinds of generals. The "Bad Joes" and the "Good Joes." So tar, he hadn't shown his hand. We waited, hopefully.

I guess the colonel was thinking along the same lines. I heard him say to the general as we pulled into the main high-way to Company "A": "Well, General.

ran up to our sedan and saluted. The colonel exploded, dismounted: "Captain Brown, what's the meaning of this?"

"I . . . I . . . I can't understand it, either, Colonel. Ever since daybreak when the guards were dismissed these crazy 'gooks' have been tryin' to run off with my driveway! Lord knows why. I'm sure I don't!"

The general tapped me lightly on the

shoulder from the backseat. "Captain, get me a handful of that sand,"

he said. Sidestepping the rioting mass, I comied quickly. We watched the general. plied quickly. He took a small grain of sand from my hand, placed it on the tip of his tongue. His face lit up as he chuckled.

"Just as I suspected, Colonel. This stuff is more precious to these Koreans than gold! It's not sand, at all. It's ordinary coarse salt!" He broke out in a belly-bursting roar of laughter. "Now I've seen everything," he said as he directed his

driver to get going.

We stood foolishly by as the struggling GIs fought a loosing battle with the persistent salt-starved Koreans.





the new Commandant



General Clifton B. Cates
Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps

by Sgt Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

HE hectic days following the United States' entry into the first World War brought an authorization from Congress for a rapid mobilization of all the armed services. The expansion of the Marine Corps ranks was so sudden that its recruiting offices were swamped with more applicants than could be accepted. Professional and business men left their establishments to enlist. College students, seeking the adventure provided by war for the inexperienced, clamored for an opportunity to fight the Boche. An unprecedented fire of patriotism swept the nation.

Its flames reached down into Tennessee where a young law student, recently graduated from the state university, was preparing for his bar examination. But history is filled with the names of great and near great men whose careers were altered by wars and disasters. And so it was that Clifton B. Cates put aside his bar examination in 1917 and became a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. Since that time he has followed the occupation of a "professional soldier."

Today, some 30 years later, Cates has climbed to the top of his profession. On January 1, 1948, he was elevated to the rank of a four star general and appointed Commandant of the Marine Corps by the President of the United States. It was a fitting tribute to his long and colorful career as a Marine who served his country through two World Wars. He succeeded General A. A. Vandegrift who was ordered home awaiting call should the Secretary of the Navy require his services.



General Cates was sworn in by Rear Admiral O. S. Colclough, in the presence of General A. A. Vandegrift, Secretary of Navy Sullivan and Admiral L. E. Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations



As a colonel, General Cates commanded the First Regiment on Guadalcanal. Standing with him are Lieutenant Colonels Cresswell, Pollock, McKelvie and Stickney, also First Marine officers

Among the telegrams of congratulations received by the new Commandant was one which brought a smile to his face. It read: "It is a far cry from that day in July, 1918, when your pants were shot off, and today when you are called upon to occupy the best pair of pants in the Marine Corps." This message was from a retired Marine major general, Robert L. Denig, who was a major and executive officer of the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, in France during the first World War.

The significance of this message can be found in a review of the outstanding record of Gen. Cates when he was a young lieutenant with the Sixth Regiment of Marines in World War I.

After his appointment to a second lieutenancy by the Major General Commandant, Clifton B. Cates was ordered to Parris Island for a short period of training. He arrived there with the same misgivings that every recruit feels today when the train pulls out of Yemassee, leaving him in the hands of a Marine non-com. The training was short, but rugged, and from this class of men came some of the outstanding officers of the Corps. At the completion of two weeks training he was ordered back to Quantico for further training and overseas transfer.

Like most of the other Marines at that time

Like most of the other Marines at that time Lieutenant Cates was impatient to get across the pond where the shooting was going on. But that war was no different from the last one. There was a lot of waiting around to be done first. He was attached to the 96th Company, 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, and given several more weeks of training in company and battalion problems. Scuttlebutt had them leaving every day and to practically every spot on the globe.

Finally word was received that the Sixth Regi-

Finally word was received that the Sixth Regiment would be sent to France. Even then it was

He abandoned the practice of law

done in piecemeal fashion. The 2nd Battalion did not arrive there until February 5, 1918, but three months later it was writing some of the most glorious history ever accorded the Marine Corps. Young Cates was in the midst of every action in which the Marines participated. He was rapidly becoming one of the outstanding officers of the American Expeditionary Forces.

During the Aisne-Marne offensive (Soissons) the Marines ran up against the flower of the German Army. The Germans were well entrenched and had the Sixth Marines under heavy fire. Losses were terrific. Machine gun fire from the left had the Marines pinned closely to the ground while artillery fire pounded their positions. Lieut. Cates found himself in the lonely, unenviable position of the only company officer remaining in the 2nd Battalion. A message from him to the battalion commander, Major Thomas H. Holcomb, told of his desperate plight. It read:

19July18

"TO: Maj. T. H. Holcomb, CO, 2nd Bn., 6th Marines "I am in an old abandoned

French trench bordering on road leading out from your CP and 350 yards from an old mill. I have only 2 men left out of my company and 20 out of other companies. We need support but it is almost suicide to try and get it here as we are swept by machine gun fire and a constant artillery barrage is upon us. I have no one on my left and only a few on my right. I will hold. CATES,

2ndLt. 96th Co."

The depleted ranks did hold and that night

they were relieved by fresh troops who were able to sweep on to the objective.

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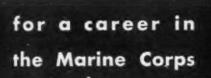
General Cates came out of this action with what was to be his first official wound, one for which he stopped fighting long enough for medical attention. During the advance he had been struck in the leg by a piece of shrapnel which all but tore most of his pants leg off below the knee. But he remembers best the spent machine gun bullet that struck him in the shoulder sometime later. He thought he had been struck by a rock until a sergeant reached out and pulled the quarter-inch, imbedded bullet from his shoulder.

One of the citations he received from the Second Division, A.E.F., for his services in France, shows clearly the aggressiveness and personal courage which has made him one of the most respected officers in the Marine Corps. He served with exceptional bravery and heroism in every engagement participated in by the Second Division. It was his courage during an attack on the town of Bouresches which made possible its capture by a handful of men. In the advance he was knocked unconscious by a bullet which struck the front of his helmet, but upon regaining consciousness he continued to press forward, falling again on two different occasions from the effects of the blow. The men held the town for several hours, until reinforcements arrived. This action strenthened the precarious Allied line.

For this incident the Fourth Brigade, U. S.

For this incident the Fourth Brigade, U. S. Marines were cited in Army General Orders by General Petain.

Later Cates was gassed severely about the body, but refused to be evacuated and continued to serve with a company in the Bois de Belleau where his services were badly needed. During the American advance on Soissons he was wounded again, but would not leave the field of battle.



"Better to be lucky than good-looking," was his only comment about his wounds.

General Order No. 88 of the Second Division reads: "... His example of fearlessness and devotion to duty have always been an inspiration to his men."

For his heroism in that war he was awarded the Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Croix de Guerre with two palms and Gold Star, and two Purple Hearts. He was twice cited in the General Orders of the Second Division and once by the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces.

General of the American Expeditionary Forces.
Gen. Cates was born in Tiptonville, Tenn., on August 31, 1893 and attended a military academy in Mexico. Mo. before entering the University of Tennessee. During his early days in school and in the Marine Corps, he would name Memphis as his home town for anyone who asked. It saved a lot of explaining since practically no one had ever heard of Tiptonville. But when he joined the Marine Corps and began to receive decoration after decoration and award after award, Tiptonville rebelled because Memphis was getting the credit for producing their famous son.

getting the credit for producing their famous son.

They informed their former townsman of his injustice in not giving credit where it was due.

After that Gen. Cates was very careful to claim Tiptonville as his home, and even to spell it for those who were curious.

At the end of the first World War Captain Cates spent several months with the Army of Occupation in Germany. When General Pershing formed the famed composite regiment it included a company of Marines, commanded by Capt. Cates. This regiment represented the American Expeditionary Forces in victory parades held in Brussels and London, and later headed the Second Division in its triumphal march down New York's Fifth Avenue.

When he returned to the United States he became aide-de-camp to the Commandant of the



Major General Cates, Commander of the Fourth Marine Division on Tinian, observes results of psychological warfare. A Japanese woman directs the surrender appeal



General Cates confers with Brigadier General Hart and Colonel McCormick during the lwo Jima operation while in the background his aide follows a fierce tank engagement

THE NEW COMMANDANT (cont.)

Marine Corps, and later an aide to President Woodrow Wilson at the White House. It was a good assignment for a young officer and the new Commandant says he enjoyed the duty in Washington, but he wanted to get back with the infantry—the men he knew best. However, he was destined to do a tour of duty aboard the USS California before being assigned to the Fourth Marines at San Diego.

Gen. Cates still has a warm spot in his heart for the mud-slogging infantrymen and feels that they will always remain the basic element of the Marine Corps. Equipment may change and new methods may be used, but these will be aimed at getting the infantry into a position to assault and occupy an enemy's territory. The general is quick to point out that the atomic age has not made the foot soldier obsolete, but he makes it plain that he is not belittling any other branch of the service. "It is the coordination of all arms that wins battles," he says.

Like most other Marines, the new Marine Commandant staunchly favors national defense and intends to keep the Marines ready at all times to defend the nation. That he is an advocate of a strong reserve component was reflected in a recent address when he said: "This country has never lost a war, and our people have no idea what an enemy would inflict upon us if we do lose the next war. I believe the men in the reserves of all services, who realize what could happen, must help to maintain the nation's interests."

During the late 1920's and 30's, Gen. Cates made the rounds of the various commands and schools, preparing himself for an important role in a greater war. No one in this complacent commanded the First Marine Regiment which played a major role in the fighting.

Although Gen. Cates had selected the Marine Corps as a career following the first World War, he never expected that he would fight in another major war. When that time came it was difficult to realize. The hardest part was leaving his family. As a young man he had found it easy to pick up and shove off to war, but it was different for an older man with the responsibilities of a family. During World War I he had often marveled at the guts and determination of the older men who had home ties; theirs was a hard task and he realized it more firmly during the second World War when he was in the same group.

WHEN the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, Gen. Cates was in charge of the Marine Basic School at Philadelphia. There he had the responsibility of training newly commissioned lieutenants in the basic principles of warfare. His experiences in France during 1918 had taught him that the greatest need in battle is for trained leaders. Under his guidance the basic school was continually striving to implant the principles of leadership, initiative and responsibility in the men who would someday become leaders on the field of battle.

Perhaps it was the natural exuberance of youth for war, but Gen. Cates was often disturbed by the attitude of some of the men who finished the school. "They have too much tendency to think this war is going to be a joy ride or they have the idea that someone else will do the fighting for them and all they have to do is sit back and let their organization run itself. A sad awakening is in store for them unless they shoulder the responsibility that is theirs," the Commandant once said.

A few months later he was transferred to New

did not take place until August 21, two weeks after the initial landing. "It was a date that will always be remembered by those who participated in it and will go down in Marine history as a glorious achievement. It was a great day for the First Marines." These were his comments in a personal diary of the Guadalcanal campaign, entitled "My First."

On the night of August 20, 1942, the Japanese tried to cross a small sandspit at the mouth of the Tenaru River to engage the Marines. They had intended to make it a surprise attack. The attack proved to be more of a surprise for the Japanese when the First Marines caught them in a murderous barrage, augmented by artillery fire. The next day when the battle was over, 1000 dead and dying Japanese littered the sector. The Commandant had often thought nothing could be worse than the slaughter he witnessed in World War I, but this was greater. Here again the training he had stressed and his unwillingness to sacrifice men needlessly through poor planning had paid off. The Marine casualties had been extremely moderate.

Throughout the campaign on Guadalcanal, Col. Cates was a familiar sight about the front lines, either in his jeep, dashing from point to point, or afoot, bolstering the morale of his tired, sick and overworked troops. Such actions led Gen. Vandegrift to pay him a high personal tribute, "General Cates has certainly earned his way up from a platoon commander to the general's grade. I have seen him under great privation lead a regiment at Guadalcanal, and he later commanded, in an outstanding manner, a division at Iwo Jima."

Gen. Cates has always impressed those about him as being extremely calm and not given to snap judgments when the lives of his men are at stake. Under some of the most trying times in

As successor to General Vandegrift, the new Commandant is the nineteenth man to head the Corps in its 172-year-old history

nation of ours thought there would be another war, but the military made every effort to prepare for any eventuality.

Perhaps his most interesting tour of duty during this period was in China. He spent two tours in the Flowery Kingdom, the first in 1929-32; the second from 1937-39. It was during these periods that the new Commandant had his first real opportunity to study the Japanese.

While open hostilities raged between the Japanese and the Chinese in 1932, the general was plans and operations officer for the Fourth Marines at Shanghai. In this capacity he was responsible for the defense of the American Sector of the International Settlement. The Japanese made continuous attempts to absorb the settlement with its rich stores of materials, but because of the firm stand taken by the Marines, the Japs were unsuccessful. There was much friction between the two countries and serious international incidents were averted each time by apologies from the Japanese. After each of these troubled periods had passed the Japanese gave impressive banquets for the leaders of the various foreign military and civilian services in Shanghai.

On his second tour in China he was commanding officer of a battalion in the Sixth Regiment, joining the Fourth Marines again in 1938.

One of the Japanese officers who was prominent in that city during the Commandant's last tour of duty was a General Kawaguchi. Little did Gen. Cates realize then, as he watched the Japanese general strut his bowing way among the foreigners, that he would have a more serious encounter with this man later on. Kawaguchi commanded the Japanese troops in the defense of Guadalcanal and Gen. Cates, then a colonel,

River, N. C., and given command of the First Marine Regiment. In his command some 50 per cent of the officer strength was composed of young men just out of basic school. The average age of his enlisted personnel was not more than 20; about 90 per cent of them had enlisted since Pearl Harbor. They were a fine group of men, full of the patriotism and enthusiasm that makes good soldiers, but they needed capable leaders, and the regimental commander was determined they should have them.

DURING the short period alloted the First Marine Division before they sailed for Guadalcanal, they were trained hard. Colonel Cates had remembered the battlefields of France where casualties had run as high as 300 percent in the ranks of the Marines. Much of this he had blamed on the lack of training given to new replacements before they were assigned to front line duty. He was determined that in this war he was going to keep his casualties as low as possible, and still accomplish the mission. Guadalcanal battle casualties among the First Marines were unbelievably low.

While observing Japanese operations in and around Shanghai during his duty in China, Gen. Cates became convinced that they were very poor in staff work. He felt that they would have little chance in a war with the United States. Events during the early part of the war seemed to discredit his convictions, but he never doubted that the Japanese would lose the war. He helped to prove that to them at Guadalcanal.

Gen. Cates often refers to the Battle of the Tenaru River as the most vivid recollection of that campaign. It was the first real battle and battle he has maintained that same quiet and reserved manner which has instilled respect in his fellow officers and brought confidence from his entire command. It isn't difficult to respect a commander who has done the things he expects his men to do.

Gen. Cates' lifelong enthusiasm for sports has given him a tremendous interest in the Marine Corps' top-notch teams. He played football for the University of Tennessee in his youth and is especially proud of the Quantico football team, which under his command has run away with everything in sight. All other sports received a big boost from him while he was commanding general at that post, and it is expected that the Marine Corps will see a big flourish in athletics under his direction.

athletics under his direction.

The new Commandant is also interested in the various schools throughout the Corps. The Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, which he commanded on two different occasions, have grown into the finest service schools in the country. He would like to see every Marine take advantage of one or more of these schools. His contact with Marine Corps Schools dates back to 1926 when he received a diploma from the Marine Corps Institute for having completed a course in bookkeeping, auditing and accounting. The diploma and message of congratulations from another great Marine Commandant, Major General John A. Lejeune, are among his prized mementos of his past service.

At the end of the Guadalcanal campaign Gen. Cates was ordered back to the United States and appointed Director of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico. He remained in this capacity until shortly before the Marianas campaign, when he

became an observer during the Saipan operation. Later he took command of the Fourth Marine Division and piloted it through Tinian and later through Iwo Jima. "This last campaign," he said, "will go down in history as the bloodiest fighting in World War II."

For his outstanding achievements in a position of great responsibility as Commanding General of the Fourth Division during the Iwo Jima operation, Gen. Cates was awarded a Gold Star in lieu of his second Distinguished Service Medal. The citation reads, in part: "A bold tactician, he landed his forces on the southeast shore of the island against heavy enemy resistance and, defying the terrific, continuous bombardment laid down by enemy guns located strategically on high ground which afforded direct observation and complete coverage of his entire zone of action, pushed his relentless advance . . . through the shifting volcanic sands.

"Repeatedly disregarding his own personal safety Major General Cates traversed his own front lines daily to rally his tired, depleted units by his undaunted valor, tenacious perseverance, and staunch leadership and in the face of overwhelming odds, constantly inspired his stouthearted Marines to heroic efforts during critical phases of the campaign."

This citation sounds very much like another given him during the first World War, commending him for personally leading his troops against overwhelming odds, and winning through sheer courage and determination. The battle of Iwo Jima was the climax of the war for Gen. Cates and was his fifth major engagement in World War II. He had fought through five major operations in both world wars.

In 1918 he participated in Belleau Woods, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont and the Argonne. During the second World War he participated in the Guadalcanal offense, Guadalcanal defense, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima.

HIS decorations include the Navy Cross, France, 1918; Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, France, 1918; Croix de Guerre with two palms and a Gold Star, France, 1918; Distinguished Service Medal with Gold Star, Tinian and Iwo Jima, 1944-45; Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, France, 1918; Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, France, 1918; Presidential Unit Citation with three Bronze Stars, Guadalcanal, 1942, Tinian, 1944, Iwo Jima, 1945; Navy Unit Commendation, Iwo Jima, 1945; Victory Medal with Aisne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne, and Defensive Sector clasps; Army of Occupation Medal, (Germany); Expedi-tionary Medal, China, 1929-31; Yangtze Service Medal, Shanghai, 1930-31; China Service Medal, China, 1937-39; the American Defensive Service Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with five bronze stars; American Area Campaign Medal; World War II Victory Medal; Legion of Honor, France, 1919; Commander in the Order of the Orange Nassau with Crossed Swords, Netherlands, 1943-44 and the Fourragere, France, 1918.

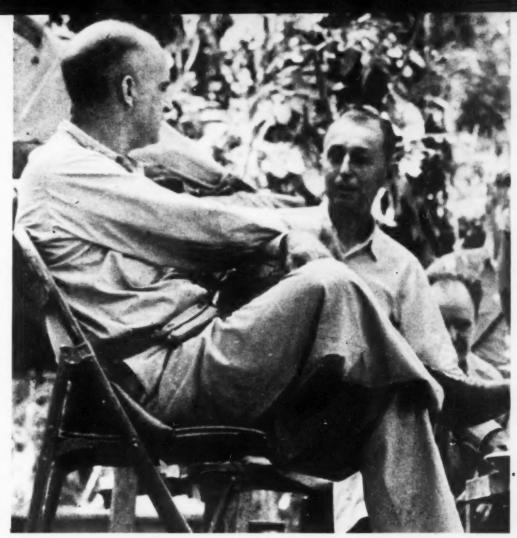
Of all his awards Gen. Cates is perhaps proudest of his Presidential citation with three stars for Guadalcanal, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima. The PUC with three stars is a rare sight indeed.

Drawing from his experiences of two wars, the general gives the Germans credit for their scientific methods of warfare, good tactics and the wise employment of their artillery. None of these qualities were possessed by the Japanese but they were above the Germans in personal courage, even though they did repeat previous mistakes with the same results. He is positive that the last war was the most vicious of the two conflicts and required a lot more from everyone who participated in the actual fighting.

Now, as Gen. Cates sits in the Commandant's

Now, as Gen. Cates sits in the Commandant's chair, after having commanded under fire every tactical unit from platoon to division, he is able to understand the needs of the organization he commands. If his past achievements are to be a criterion, he will strive to improve the Corps and bring it to a high peak of efficiency. He deserves the cooperation of every officer and man in upholding the fine traditions of the Marine Corps' past and in adding new ones to its future.

PHOTOS BY
OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND ACME NEWSPICTURES



When this picture was taken in the First Regiment's command post on Guadalcanal it is very unlikely that either General Vandegrift or Colonel Cates saw themselves as future Commandants



Lieutenant Cates distinguished himself as a young officer with the Sixth Marines in World War I



In 1937 as a lieutenant colonel, he was CO of the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines in China

He had been standing off to the side of the road for two hours waiting for a lift. Rain infiltrated through a sparse crop of hair and trickled uncomfortably down over his nose. Now and then he would feel a touch of California's cold morning wind against his unshaven cheek. His left arm hung limply against his side while his right clutched the dirty collar around his neck.

Back along the highway, San Diego was set off in an array of glimmering lights. They looked inviting—the bars and cabarets. For several seconds he watched the blinking neons, then turned his thoughts back to reality.

turned his thoughts back to reality.
"Lights spell people," he mumbled, "and the fewer people who see me, the better."

He rubbed his left arm thoughtfully. Not many cars came out this way at three in the morning. Those who would be willing to pick him up would have little chance of seeing him in the darkness. Then there were some, of course, who just didn't give a damn.

Two lights appeared in the distance, momentarily lighting up the road sign 20 yards from where he stood. He looked at the sign for the first time. "Los Angeles, '93 miles," he read.

As the lights became larger, his well-trained thumb went automatically into the air. A huge black Packard slowed to a grinding stop several yards beyond him, then, as if its occupant had suddenly changed his mind, it gathered momentum, and Monty's menacing eyes watched it continue down the road.

His eyes followed the course of the rear red light for several moments. Eventually it was swallowed by the night, leaving him alone once again.

"Some playboy," he mumbled disgustedly. "Some damn playboy—might have been just the thing."

His nervous right hand released the collar and sidled into a worn coat pocket. The touch of the cold steel gave him confidence. He patted the automatic in a motherly fashion.

"I'm depending on you—you hear? Old Monty's depending on you to get him a car!"

He was still pondering his latest misfortune when the second set of lights appeared, revealing a wet highway. Monty waited for a second, lifted the thumb—and then he reeled backward into the nearby brush.

"Police!" He held his breath as the cruiser

"Police!" He held his breath as the cruiser drove by, its occupants unconscious of the fugitive who had almost stepped into their hands.

He waited cautiously in the brush for 10 minutes before emerging. He glanced in the direction the car had taken to see if it had turned around. It hadn't.

"That was a bad move, Monty," he muttered shakily. "Better watch your step from here on!" His left arm was stiffening again. Always did

in damp weather. He'd almost muffed his chance of escape, he reflected.

in April, 1946.

THIS MONTH'S LEATHERNECK CONTEST WINNER

YNOF

ICHARD E. BARKEY, whose short story, "Partial Payment", won first prize in Leatherneck's new writing and photo contest, enlisted in the Corps in August, 1943. He fought on Iwo Jima with the 1st Battalion Twenty-eighth Marines, and later went to Japan with the Eighth Regiment. He was discharged

Lights over the hump again. This time they passed him doing about 70 M.P.H.

"Another playboy — probably coming home from the dances."

He still threw a casual glance now and then in the direction that the police car had taken. They obviously had no intention of returning, but he had decided long ago that he would take no chances.

"They're gonna find that Old Monty's a sly one," he chuckled.

Still—he didn't like the idea of footing it on the road.

"There's always the playboy," he thought, "who gets suspicious when he sees a guy of my appearance."

He needed money—money and a car. He needed the first car that stopped! And he counted on the shiny object in his pocket to take care of that angle!

He recalled how easy it had been to escape. County jails had always been easy to tear out of. How many times had he seen the inside of them? Seven? Eight? He laughed almost aloud. From vagrancy to brawling and back again! But this time—murder! The smile on his face ironed out in a straight sober look.

"Murder," he whispered, "I bumped a guy for 20 lousy bucks!"

The scene flashed around in his mind. The victim had stepped from his car. Monty had accosted him. The usual result. Refusal. Two shots. Escape across the California border. Capture. Escape while awaiting Arizona State Troopers to escort him back.

"Wonder what happened to the guard I slugged? The papers! My face will be on the front page of every one!"

THE hum of a motor announced another car.
Once again the hand went into the air. A
blue sedan came to a belated stop, and Monty,
fearful lest this one should get away, ran hurriedly
to the door and climbed inside.

"You picked a bad night for hitchhiking," droned the voice at the wheel. "And a bad place. You would have had better luck back in Dago

where there are lights."

"Yes, guess so," Monty hissed between chattering teeth. His right hand fished for a cigaret, and after a fruitless search returned to the pocket.

The driver flashed a pack and Monty accepted. "Mind if I use your lighter?" Without waiting for a reply he reached for the gadget.

It was either the lightning that flashed nearby or the light from the cigaret that revealed the silver eagle on the shoulder of the driver. Monty had seen too, that the man possessed fiery red hair which was slowly beginning to recede. The second flash of lightning brought out the uniform, and Monty gave a noticeable start.

and Monty gave a noticeable start.

"No, not police," he thought. Then regaining his normal composure he said almost apologetically, "I—I didn't realize you were in the army—that is, not until just now."

The figure behind the wheel laughed. "The

Marines," he retorted. "Been in for quite some

Monty's eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness. "Four rows of ribbons aren't collected overnight," he said. "Especially that Navy Cross!"

"Oh, that. That was one of the first. Got it for some doins' back in the Argonne in '18. Swore that day that I'd stay in the Corps. Gets in a fellow's blood after awhile."

fellow's blood after awhile."
"The Argonne . . '18," Monty repeated, then changed the subject.
"Not many cars come out

"No, not many," the officer agreed. "Lucky thing, too. It's a bad night for traveling—a plenty bad night!"

Was it imagination, or had Monty heard that voice somewhere before? The words turned over and over in his mind. Plenty bad—plenty bad—

"Then I suppose a lot of the cars take other routes to L.A. You goin' to L.A.?" Monty queried.

"That's my home," came the answer. "Beer living there for 14 years."

"Must be hard on you traveling 90 miles every night." The car turned up the road toward the ocean.



Partial Payment

ndering to the on a 30-year debt

ted vy it

> "Not every night," the driver answered. "In fact, I seldom make this trip. Brother got into some trouble. He's stationed down at the county jail below Dago. Seems they had some fellow waiting investigation for a murder back in Arizona. Wayne got careless, I guess. When he went in with the tray of food the prisoner slugged him and made off with his pistol."

Old Monty stopped breathing for an eternal

minute. He tried to act amazed. "Hope he wasn't hurt too much," he said.
"A bump on the head," the driver laughed. Then he became serious. "The worst of it is the The commissioners seem to think that escape. . . well . . . they're thinking that he helped the guy make an escape!"

They were approaching a small town. Monty patted the pistol. Directly in front of the car was a roadblock and on either side of it, two men uniforms and black belts! His "California State Police," he dressed in green uniforms and black belts! heart jumped. whispered within himself!

"Here we go again," the officer said yawning. "I go through this every time I go to L.A."
"Who are they after?" Monty asked, trying

to hide a desperate tone.

"Mexicans. They suspect that some are being smuggled into the country from Tia Juana.'

Monty didn't like this a bit. Hide the rod beneath the seat, he thought. No, his best bet would be to take a chance and hope they don't get wise.

The car stopped by the block and one of the police offered an apologetic smile. "Hiding any-one, Colonel?" he joked.

Monty tried to smile at the officer on his side. They raised a few of the seats-and Monty remembered how close he had come to dumping the rod.

Monty's wet clothes meant nothing to them. Their sole objective was the search for Mexicans. Finding everything satisfactory, the police no longer detained them.

As the car started up the colonel laughed. "See, you're O.K. as long as you live on this side of

the border."
"Yes," rejoined Monty, and for the first time in ages he actually laughed. But he hadn't forgotten his initial plan. He was interested in the story the colonel was telling before they were stopped.

Sure hope they clear your brother," he lied

casually.
"Oh, I suppose they'll catch the guy before he

"Do they have any idea of his whereabouts?" asked Monty.

The colonel didn't answer immediately. Finally he said, "He might have been dumb enough

"Could be," Monty countered, hoping that this was what the police were thinking.

"The ironical part of the whole thing is that

the guy had less to run from than he figured."

Monty grew tense. "Less to run from?"

"If the police records are correct, the mur-

dered man was a notorious criminal that they've been hunting for three years. Served time in Leavenworth. Was quite a big boy in the under-

Somehow Monty felt part of the burden removed. "Yes," he said after a pause. "It certainly is . . . ironical."

But Monty was still in a jam. The attempted robbery had been premeditated—the police would remember that! And the guard—the brother of this colonel. They would call that assault with intent to kill.

Monty had stopped shivering, and the left arm was already beginning to feel better. He wondered whether he should go through with the thing as he had planned.

Another town appeared in the distance. "What's

the name of this place," Monty asked.
"Whittier, just a little way out of L.A."
He was thinking fast. Now or never, he He was thinking fast. Now or never, he thought. Slowly, his hand found the trigger of

the automatic. 'Better slow down," he said. "We're coming to a curve."

The colonel was already doing so, unaware of

the threat carried in Monty's words.

The hand holding the automatic moved cautiously out of the pocket. The glare of a streetlight reflected from the blue steel and the hand once again plunged abruptly back. Monty was beginning to see something. It was vague. But he was beginning to see!

"You can let me off here," he said suddenly.
"Bad place," the colonel replied. "Sure you wouldn't have more luck up ahead where there's

Monty was finding it hard to be polite. "This will be O.K."

The car pulled to a halt. The colonel extended his hand and old Monty flushed slightly. The well-groomed paw of the Marine grasped his in a firm handshake.

"My name's Anderson. Lloyd Anderson. "What's yours?"

"Er . . . I . . . White, . . . ah . . . Gerald White,"
Monty replied. "Thanks for the lift."

"Here's something you need more than I do," the colonel laughed. He pushed a half of a pack of cigarets and a book of matches into Monty's A minute later the blue sedan was on its way to L.A. leaving Monty out in the night once again.

It was still raining and he had trouble lighting the cigaret with one hand. He puffed a few times and stood there pondering. What was it that was hiding far back in his mind? What thoughts were woven in his brain that were waiting to be unraveled? Anderson . . . A bad night . . . plenty bad . . . red hair . . . sandy . . . sandy

I T was like a blow below the belt to old Monty. Once again he felt himself lying there, groaning, holding his left arm and gasping in Once again the flat blast of the German

mortars shook down the whole line.

The Heinies were knocking hell out of the French, who already were beating a path back to Paris. Once again he tried to stop the blood which was being drained from his arm! He looked up again in time to see the Jerry bayonet. Then, he recalled something that had happened before he passed out. The krauts were running now! He tried to rise and felt the tender hand on his shoulder. He heard a voice:

"It's a bad day-plenty bad, but things will get better.

In the dim light he saw a face. A young lieutenant with fiery red hair! The same lieutenant who later led the unit across the whole enemy

Monty looked about the dark highway. The lights of Whittier were ahead. He dropped the cigaret to the ground and crushed it with a worn "Sandy Anderson," he whispered in amaze-

ment. "So you did stay in the Corps!"

Later, the desk sergeant in Whittier was explaining the affair to the police lieutenant.

"Where is he now?" the officer asked. "Cell number three-we're holding him until we get the report."

And he just walked in, all by himself?"

The sergeant nodded, and continued to munch on an apple.

Then, with his mouth half full, he said, "It's just like I was telling the boys awhile back. He came up to the desk here, wet as hell. Mumbled something about paying a 30 year debt!"





Sleepy rickshaw boys doze in the noonday sun waiting for a fare

HOTOGRAPHERS anticipating early entries in the 1948 Leatherneck photography contest for which a \$50 Savings Bond is awarded each month, may use the above three photographs as a guide in the selection of their best photos. Rules of the contest as outlined in the January issue of the magazine do not cover subject matter, composition or technical qualities by which the entries must of necessity be finally judged. The photos here are not to be taken as an example of the standard which all entries must meet. Just send us the best prints of your work and the judges will do the rest. You may be next month's winner.

POSTS OF THE CORES

Mare Island

The Ferry building and Main Gate guardhouse is one of the known landmarks of historic Mare Island Navy Yard

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

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Leatherneck Staff Writer



Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

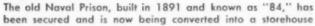
EVERAL months before World War II reached the shooting stage for the United States, Marines at Mare Island daily walked in its ominous shadow. They pulled some of the strictest guard duty in the Corps, the job of maintaining security on incompleted submarines, subtenders and destroyer escort vessels then being constructed in one of the Navy's largest and busiest yards.

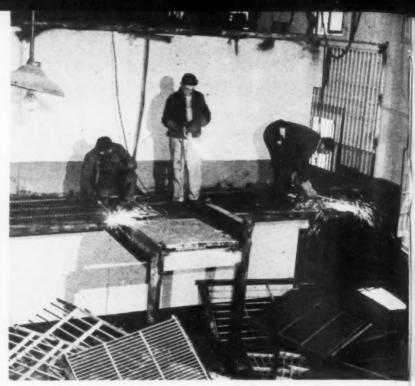
The Mare Island guard detachment got its preview of hostilities not long after Pearl Harbor, for one of the first ships to limp back from the December 7 attack was the destroyer Shaw. She needed a new bow to replace the one that had been blasted off at Pearl. The ship yard had it waiting and in a matter of days she was back at sea avenging herself against the enemy.

As the cripples continued to make their slow procession Stateside, including

Shipyards at Mare Island played an important part in the war when they built 392 new ships and repaired 4560 others







Retrainees from the Retraining Command help Navy welders remove the prison grillwork from the interior of old "84"

such ships as the New Orleans and the Helena, the Marines kept watch over the vessels while repairs were being made.

In many cases, these same Marines boarded the vessels after they had been mended and went to sea with them, not as ship's complement but as infantry troops. The valiant vessels joined other units of our tattered fleet to turn the tide of battle at Midway and in the Coral Sea. The Marines joined their fighting buddies to turn the tide of fighting in the Pacific.

ing buddies to turn the tide of fighting in the Pacific.

Mare Island is located at Vallejo, Calif., 35 miles northeast of San Francisco on an arm of land extending into San Pablo Bay. When surveyed in 1850 by Commodore John Sloat, the Mexican War hero, it was nothing more than a patch of trees which grew out of a thick blanket of prairie grass. Even at that early date it bore the name Island of the Mare. General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, a wealthy cattle

baron of the day, had named it Isla de la Yergue, or Isle of the Mare, because it was here that his favorite white mount had scrambled to safety after having been dumped off a barge while being transported down the Napar river.

Commodore Sloat recommended the location as "excellent for a Navy base," and on September 15, 1854, a Navy yard was officially established. Its first commanding officer was David G. Farragut, then a commander, who later became famous for his daring exploits in the Civil War. It was he who issued that fearless and challenging command: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

Shortly after he became commandant, Farragut wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy in which he requested "a sergeant's guard of Marines for protection of the yard."

"It would contribute greatly to the safety of public

property and the preservation of order," he stated. The Marines came and they have been on duty

there in one capacity or another ever since.

The first permanent barracks was built in 1870 and still remains. The building is a dirty yellow in color, and fronts on the old parade ground which is now used as an athletic field. A long, double-decked building, it typifies military construction of that day and greatly resembles those antiquated cavalry frontier posts which once protected covered wagon trains from hostile Indians.

At present the old structure is used to house the Marine's quartermaster offices, and part of the second deck has been remodeled into apartments for staff NCOs. Most of the Marines live in a gloomy, gray, cement building which was completed in 1916. In World War I this barracks and the old one echoed to the raucous shouts of noncoms drilling thousands

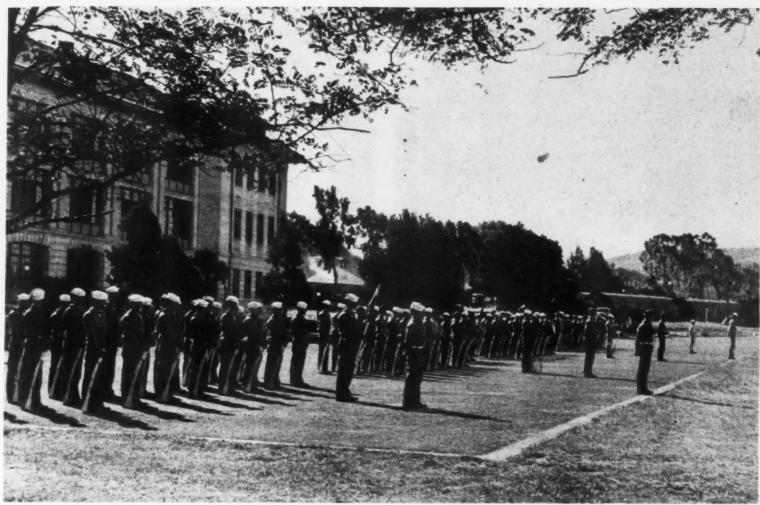


Marines have protected Mare Island for over 90 years. The OD's office is located near the entrance of the Barracks



The Causeway guard catches duty directing commuters during rush hour traffic each morning and afternoon

The Retraining Command of Mare Island is a new idea in corrective punishment. Old "84's" bars and steel cell blocks are being removed



Men of the Retraining Battalion fall out for colors in front of the Marine barracks. Wooden rifles are used during drill periods and the uniforms

worn by this group include gray dungarees and white sailor hats. Many of the details of this program are handled by a detachment of 45 Marines

of Marines who later carried the colors into Belleau Wood and Soissons. At that time Mare Island was the boot camp for the West Coast.

the boot camp for the West Coast.

In pre-World War II days the station was the jumping off place for Marines bound for China and other stations in the Pacific and Orient. There was a small permanent detachment which guarded Navy yard installations, but the casual company usually had a number of men on its roles either bound for overseas or just returned. Oldtimers who served in the guard company, will remember how they looked forward to having either the transports Chaumont or Henderson come into port. They usually carried a number of Marines who helped out on the guard chores until transferred to another station. When the casual company was full, Marines in the regular guard might catch one watch a week. When it was empty, it was day on and stay on.

One of the Navy yard's best known buildings is "84," site of the naval prison. A foreboding, dark red, brick structure built behind the old Marine Barracks in 1891, it was the West Coast's counterpart of the Navy's prison at Portsmouth, N. H. For years it kept in confirement Navy and Marine general courts-martial prisoners, most of them long termers who had committed serious infractions of "Rocks and Shoals." To help keep the prisoners occupied during their confinement, a model prison farm and dairy was laid out on the adjoining acreage behind "84." All the work was overseen by tough Marine guards, many of whom were reputedly chosen from the biggest and roughest men in the outfit.

Gradually the prison developed an unsavory reputation. DIs at San Diego used to brighten up boots with threats of a stretch at "84."

"They have a nice place at Mare Island with a big rockpile that welcomes dope-offs like you people. "You'd better start snappin'."

From all reports, it was a good place in those days—to stay away from. But all that is a thing of the past. Old "84" was secured in 1946 and was replaced by a new naval prison on Terminal Island. Where once there were neatly cultivated fields surrounding the building, there are now only acres of scrubby, brown, tumbleweeds. The fat Holstein cows which had grazed in the pastures have long since gone. Welders from the Navy yard are cutting away the iron bars and steel cell blocks, and generally erasing all vestiges of a prison in the building itself. And to make it even more ironic, prisoners from the new Retraining Command are assisting in the work. An imaginative person could almost liken it to the days of the French Revolution when enraged mobs of peasants tore down the Bastille.

Old "84" is scheduled to spend its remaining days as a storehouse.

THE late war worked many changes in the Navy, among them a new idea on how punishment should be administered. In the past, men committing serious offenses received long prison terms and dishonorable discharges. Now the idea is to restore most of the offenders to duty just as soon as they prove themselves capable of getting along. Retraining commands were formed for this purpose with one of them on Mare Island. They are a far cry from the old "84"-method of handling prisoners.

Men confined to Mare Island's Retraining Command are not referred to as prisoners but simply as "Retrainees." Many have been transferred here from Terminal Island where their good behavior warranted special consideration. Some, who committed relatively minor offenses, were confined here directly after they received their courts-martial.

Most of them are sailors, but a small number are Marines.

Sentences are short, the usual confinement period being five or six months. Retrainees are treated almost the same as men on active duty. They work, drill, go to school, and see movies, but are allowed no liberty or pay. A Marine detachment of 45 men supervises much of the training. Working parties of as many as 25 men are taken out by Marines, called supervisors, not chasers. They carry no clubs or weapons, their only "arms" being rosters and pencils. The duties of these supervisors are very similar to those of any Marine NCO taking out a working party.

There is very little of the prison atmosphere about the Retraining Command compound. The barracks is a large white building with an ordinary wire fence around it. Bars are conspicuously absent. The Marine detachment furnishes minimum security. Only two armed sentries patrol the fence. There are over 400 retrainees in the command, and if they ever decided to make a break, the few Marines would be powerless to stop them. There have been a few escapes, but the general feeling is that a prisoner making a break is cutting his own throat. His best bet is to take advantage of this chance to reduce his time to the minimum and leave the service without the stigma of a dishonorable discharge.

Many of the retrainees finish their high school work while they are here. When that happens, a formal graduation ceremony takes place with all the men falling out in the compound amphitheater. Rear Admiral Mahlon S. Tisdale, commandant of the yard, puts in his appearance accompanied by the principal of the Vallejo High School. After the usual speeches and congratulations, the men receive their diplomas. A visitor would find it an impressive affair. When a man is given his diploma his face lights up



A Marine "supervisor" checks on a working detail from the Retraining Battalion. Unlike a chaser, he carries no arms



This is the famed Georgia Street where many a Marine has held the unofficial title of "mayor." It is Vallejo's main drag

with pride, almost like he was getting a full pardon and a railroad ticket home.

and a railroad ticket home.

Many oldtimers feel that the service has gone soft in its treatment of prisoners. But authorities at the Mare Island Retraining Command point to their record in answer to these criticisms. Seventy per cent of all retrainees they have restored to duty have made good. That's 70 men out of 100 who become useful members of the naval service instead of wasting away in prison.

Marines in the Retraining Command are a separate organization from those stationed at the Barracks. Most of the Mare Island Marines are occupied in the routine duties of an ordinary guard company. In reality their are two separate guards one for the yard proper and the other at the Naval ammunition dump. Both units are commanded by Colonel John W. Beckett.

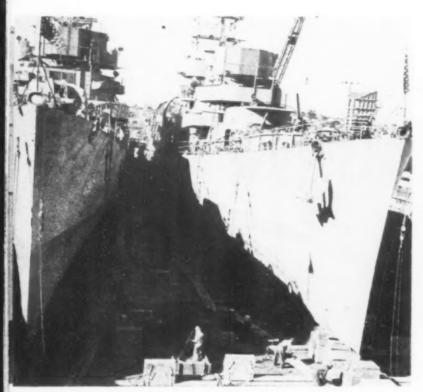
Col. Beckett is a former enlisted man who received his boot training at Mare Island in 1916. If anyone had told the colonel then that he would later be CO of the same post, he probably would have called the nearest corpsman to rush the man to sick bay for a medical examination. Pvt. Beckett had much more important things to think about. A big, husky, six-footer, he was out to win himself a tackle berth on the famous Mare Island Marine football team of 1917.

That year the Marines played some of the best college and service teams on the coast and went through the season undefeated. The team had such an outstanding record that authorities in Pasadena felt that Mare Island should play in the Rose Bowl. Their opponents were a strong Army eleven from Camp Lewis, Wash. But the Marines proved a little too much for the soldiers that New Year's day and

came out on the long end of a 19 to 7 score. One of the outstanding linemen on the field was Pvt. Beckett, who spent much of the game as a fifth man in the Army backfield. He was all over the place, making tackles, smashing formations, and generally making himself a nuisance for Camp Lewis.

Beckett wasn't around for the next New Year when the Marines again made an apprarance at Pasadena, this time to lose to the Great Lakes sailors. He was engaged in a grimmer sort of game on the battlefields of France. Here he won a commission in the field. When he returned to the States, he went back to his first love, football, and helped organize the great Quantico Marines of the Twenties. He both played and coached on this team, and one of his most celebrated pupils was a young sergeant, H. P. (Jim) Crowe, the team's fullback.

Quantico made such an outstanding record on



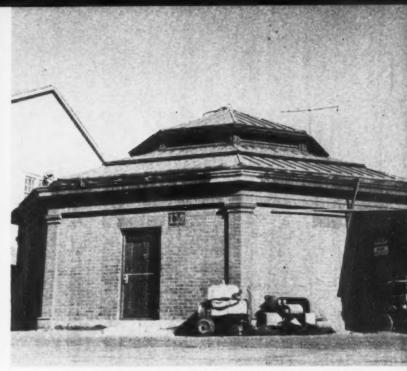
The drydacks providing berths for these two destroyers have witnessed much wartime refurbishment and repair



Giant cranes and hoists are a common sight at Mare Island, which is one of the largest ship repair bases in the world



Master Sergeant Albert Walters, a connoisseur of good baked goods, is naturally a very popular fellow with the Marines



Many Marines have counted the bricks in this power house building while walking around it during a four-hour watch

Eastern football fields that Col. Beckett was brought to Annapolis where he spent a three year stint coaching the Naval Academy's line. Later he went to the West Coast and coached the San Diego Marines. He was chief of staff of the Fifth Division during the late war, and returned to his first post, Mare Island, last year.

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The colonel is a firm believer in the importance of athletics in the development of good Marines. Mare Island has a program designed so that most of the men can participate in some sport, either intramural or post. The colonel would like to field another Mare Island football team, but he doesn't feel that it is practicable at present. The post is too short-handed for such a time consuming game.

short-handed for such a time consuming game.

During its 93 years as the most important Navy yard on the west coast, Mare Island has seen the Navy develop from the days of wooden ships and

iron men to the sleek, all-steel aircraft carriers and battlewagons of present. It has grown from the 66 employees of Farragut's time to 41,053 at the height of World War II in 1945. At that time the Commandant of Mare Island had the greatest single command of ship construction and repair the world has ever known. Not only does he have charge of the yard itself, but the Hunters Point Naval Dry Docks in San Francisco as well.

Employees at the Island are proud of their World War II record which saw 392 fighting ships constructed and 4560 repaired and overhauled. Among some of the ships built here was the California, launched in 1919. It recovered from damage sustained at Pearl Harbor and went out to plaster destruction on many a Jap-held island fortress. Others include the heavy cruiser San Francisco, heroine of the Solomons, and the Submarine Wa-

hoo, first of the Mare Island-built subs to win the Presidential Citation. It was lost in action after exacting a heavy toll on enemy shipping. Mare Island enjoys the distinction of delivering

Mare Island enjoys the distinction of delivering the first destroyer escorts born in World War II to combat the submarine menace. Designed primarily to protect convoys from underwater attack, these vessels helped to clear the Atlantic of Nazi wolf packs. Another type of ship built here that became particularly well-known among Marine combat units was the LCT or Landing Craft Tanks. They carried amphibious forces to invasion beaches scattered throughout the world. At the height of the Island's building program, two were launched every three days.

two were launched every three days.

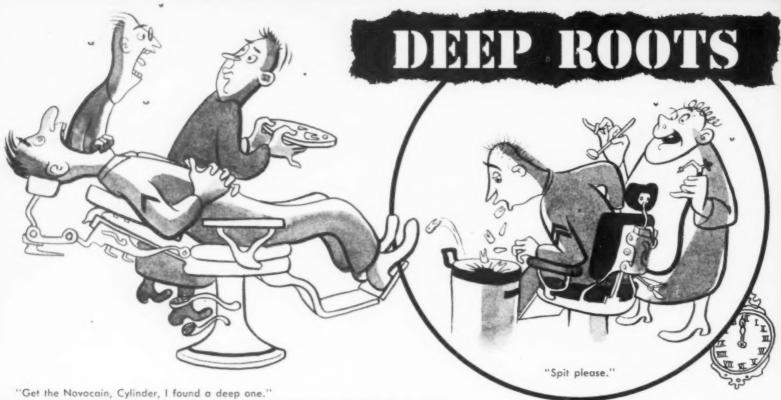
It is little wonder that when the Navy steamed into Tokio Bay, 57 ships of that fleet had been built, overhauled or repaired at Isla de la Yergue.



In sharp contrast to the old "84" prison is this barrackstype building which now houses the new Retraining Command



Colonel John W. Beckett, commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, first came to Mare Island as a boot back in 1916









"Wiltonpoot, hurry up with that filling!"



Indian War Call

The "hidden" language of the Navajos provided the Marine Corps with a foolproof code to foul up the Japs

by Vernon Langille

A STRANGE sight met the eye of Indian Reservation Superintendent E. M. Fryer when he looked out of his office at Window Rock, Ariz., that December 7th morning. Immediately outside, several score Navajo youths, their faces set in grim lines, were gathering in a large cleared space. Some carried their big red polkadotted bandannas tied at the corners and loaded down with what appeared to be personal effects. Pockets of blue denim work breeches bulged with what obviously was ammunition. All were armed. When the perplexed superintendent asked the cause of the gathering, they answered:

"We're going to fight."

Hours later the youths were prevailed on to return to their hogans and await the official call to arms that inevitably would follow. Little did anyone realize that a short time later the United States and

INDIAN WAR CALL (cont.)

specifically the Marine Corps — would eagerly seek out these same stalwart sons of the desert for a special function.

Navajos are short, stocky, and built for fighting. Their nomadic desert life and aptitude for handling weapons naturally fitted them for infantry line duty rather than for any of the other highly specialized auxiliary arms of combat warfare.

Their ancestors were the old Athabascans who had come southward from Alaska and Canada, down the mountain chains and desert valleys. They preferred pillage and plunder to the more sedentary lives of the Pueblos, Mayans and Aztecs. Their Spartan lives, which included bathing in snow, had hardened them to such a degree that they were regarded by other tribes as the "toughest people on earth." It was eminently true that the Navajo was a fighting man from way back.

But it was another side of the Navajo that enlisted the interest of the Marine Corps. For many centuries, probably since man first went to war against his fellow man, military experts had sought a foolproof, unbreakable code for communications. The Navajo language, for which no written vocabulary or symbols exist, proved to be the closest to this

The Navajo is by nature quiet, clannish and enigmatic. He very seldom talks. When he was chosen to "talk" the Marine Corps out of a tough situation at Guadalcanal, some persons called it the great paradox.

Actually, for the Corps, it was a military dream come true.

Many thousands of miles away, on Guadalcanal, the First Marine Division was grinding out a slow and arduous victory. A scarce month after the battle curtain had lifted in August, 1942, the need for a swift and secret code of communications had been many times demonstrated. When the fighting became confined to a small area, everything had to move on a split-second schedule. There was not time for the enciphering and deciphering which ordinary code requires. At such times, The King's English became a last resort — the profaner the better.

In one instance a battalion CO asked his company commander for the position of a patrol on reconnaissance along the Lunga River. The company commander reported the position in grid coordinates.

commander reported the position in grid coordinates.
"Thank you," a third voice cut in, "our patrol will be there too."

The Japanese developed an uncanny facility for



Indians from remote areas on Arizona reservations lost no time reaching the nearest induction center. These three braves appeared in full regalia. Some came armed and ready to do battle

wire-tapping. Such breaks in security were much too serious to be overlooked.

Back in the States, at Camp Elliott, Calif., studies to perfect a "voice code" for the Marine Corps were under way. An off-the-record demonstration by Navajos was arranged for Major General Clayton B. Vogel, then commanding general of the Amphibious Corps, Pacific Fleet, by his signal officer, Colonel James E. Jones. Gen. Vogel reported favorably on the experiment to Plans and Policies Division, Marine Corps Headquarters. While official Washington weighed the suggestion pro and con, Col. Jones kept the idea alive on the West Coast.

The stock question in the minds of high ranking military men was whether the Navajo communicators could be relied upon for accuracy. The slight-

est error in either transmission or translation of a supersecret combat message could easily result in annihilation of any number of troops. Visions of a "hard luck" battalion commander trying to explain off a military debacle by saying his Indian code talker had told him to attack instead of withdraw, haunted the officers.

But before the war with Japan ended, the Marine Corps had not only learned to respect its Indian communicators, it had also learned to depend upon them. The Third Amphibious Corps reported that the use of Navajos during the Guam and Peleliu operations "was considered indispensable for the rapid transmission of classified dispatches. Enciphering and deciphering time would have prevented vital operational information from being dispatched



or delivered to staff sections with any degree of speed."

At Iwo Jima, code talkers transmitted messages from the beach to divisions and corps commands afloat from early D-Day on. After division commands came ashore, they provided the contact between divisions ashore and corps afloat.

Their voice code transmissions of operational orders laid the groundwork for our advances from the Solomons straight through Okinawa.

The swarthy, black-haired Indian, huddled over portable radio or field telephone in regimental, division or corps command posts, became a familiar sight around the Pacific battle zones. They translated English-written messages into Navajo and transmitted these to buddie-Navajos at radio receivers miles away.

After Bougainville, the Naval Air Force ran into stiff Japanese resistance around the Bismarck Archipelago. The enemy was intercepting messages sent over our air control net and knew in advance about our aerial missions. "Dead End," the pilots' name for Rabaul, became the graveyard of many an airman who attempted to make the perilous run over the landlocked harbor. Alerted antiaircraft guns from the surrounding hills would pour devastating ack-ack at our bombers as they winged through "The Slot" in the circular ridge of mountains.

The 11 code talkers who manned the Navy's air net took the sting of death out of this Dead End. In addition, Nipponese sneak raids on our long bomber flights fell off sharply.

The Marine Corps selected Navajo for a code language because it had many points in its favor. Before the war it was regarded as a "hidden" language, being known to only 28 outsiders, all of whom were missionaries, students of Navajo culture and people who had been born and reared in Indian country. Through years of study and association with the Navajo people, they had mastered its difficult dialects. Navajo had been confined to its native area because of the Indians' clannish reservation life. While most codes are based on common languages familiar to the enemy, Navajo was a select tongue known to practically no one.

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Navajo was selected in preference to the variety of Indian tongues used by the AEF in World War I, because the Navajo people were the only Indian group in the United States whose land had not been overrun with German "students" 20 years prior to 1941. Germans had studied American Indian tribal dialects in the name of science, anthropology and religion. Foreign diplomats did a big business with the Bureau of Indian Affairs in purchase of publications dealing with Indian tribes.

Compilation of Navajo dictionaries and grammars was begun before Pearl Harbor by the Interior Department's Indian Affairs Bureau, working in cooperation with missionaries on the reservation. It was hoped to reduce the language to phonetics and preserve it in writing. However, supporters of the Marine Corps' proposed Navajo program were not alarmed. They were sure that fluency in the language could be acquired only by persons who had made a lengthy study of spoken Navajo. This automatically ruled out both the Japanese and Germans.

Furthermore, even to be able to speak Navajo fluently would not necessarily mean that the code had been broken. The Navajo dictionary does not list specialized and technical terms such as words for "jeep," "battery," "aircraft," "flank," etc. Furthermore, when the code talkers worked together in the field, it was very often necessary to improvise on the spot. Place names such as Suribachi, Iwo Jima, Shuri, Tulagi and Solomons were spelt out letter for letter in a Navajo phonetic alphabet.

Once the Navajo program was investigated and approved, it became high priority on the Marine Corps' wartime calendar. Representatives were immediately sent to get the consent and backing of the Navajo Tribal Council. To assure an even flow of likely code talker candidates, on-the-reservation recruiting was set up. Authorization for the induction of the Indians was given to the Western Procurement Division by the Commandant of the Marine Corps on October 2, 1943.

Enlistment orders specified that recruits meet full Marine Corps physical standards. A sufficient knowledge of English and Navajo to transmit combat messages was the second prerequisite. Of a total of 540 Navajos taken into the Corps, 420 made the grade as code talkers.

The first class of Indian talkers was trained in the

Fleet Marine Force Training Center by Major Hubert C. Lattimer, at that time a lieutenant. The course lasted four weeks and covered all the basic communications knowledge necessary to supplement their special language aptitude.

Although all recruits spoke the same basic language, certain variations and inflections changed word meanings. (In Navajo, a word spoken with four different inflections has four different meanings.) Inequality in the intelligence of members of each group covered a wide range and slowed down instruction. The Navajo's innate imperturbability had non-Indian teachers tearing their hair. But by encouraging the men to work with their buddies and by following a "laissez-faire" policy, problems in the first school worked themselves cut.

The original group of trained communicators

The original group of trained communicators were distributed among the First Marine Division at Guadalcanal and regiments in the Second. Later, they went to the Raider battalions and the Third Division

PFC Wilsie H. Bitsie, whose father supervised the Mexican Springs, N. Mex., Navajo District, was



Corporal Lloyd Oliver, Ship Rock, N. M., operated a field radio for a Marine artillery outfit. Imperturbable in battle, the communicators handled supersecret stuff with speed and accuracy

Swarthy communicators, huddled over radios and field telephones, became a familiar sight around Pacific fronts

INDIAN WAR CALL (cont.)

an instructor at Camp Elliott before he joined the Raiders. At New Georgia, his code talking enabled his battalion to maintain secret contact with the Army command at Munda while Marines knocked out Japanese outposts in the jungle to the north.

out Japanese outposts in the jungle to the north.
Corporal Leonard Webber, Fort Hall, Idaho, received the Silver Star Medal for gallantry while fighting with the Second Marine Division against the Japanese at Tarawa. When his radio had been knocked out, he performed duties as runner between the tank battalion command post, tanks and infantry front line positions. He later received a further honor, the Bronze Star Medal. PFC Ira Hayes, another Navajo communicator, was one of the six men who raised the flag on the summit of Mt. Suribachi.

When the First Division hauled out of Guadalcanal for Australia, it took 50 Navajo code talkers with it. After a short rest and retraining program, the outfit stormed Cape Gloucester beaches. The talkers followed the First almost intact through the subsequent battles of Peleliu and Okinawa, suffering only limited casualties.

One of the earliest concerns of instigators of the Navajo program was that the dark-complexioned communicators might be mistaken for Japanese. In the late days of Guadalcanal, one Army unit did pick up a code talker along the coastal road and messaged to the Marine command:

"We have captured a Jap in Marine uniform with Marine identification tags.

A Marine Corps interrogator quickly identified the "prisoner" as a Navajo. Throughout his capture, the Indian remained nonchalant about his uncertain fate. He was released and sent on his way.

In almost every operation during this war through the Solomons, in the Marianas, at Peleliu and Iwo Jima — G-2 answered dozens of false calls to listen in on what sounded like Japanese dialect. En route to Iwo aboard the Fifth Division's command ship, a Navy commodore mistook the code talk of two Navajos for Japanese. The communicators had set up with division headquarters on deck and the Navy officer was on the bridge. "Cut that interference," he shouted into his set.

"Cut that interference," he shouted into his set.

The Navajos continued dispatching without a break.

"If you don't cut that x?!-!? interference, I'll come in there myself after you guys."

VERNON LANGILLE



Leatherneck's Canadian-born writer, Vernon Langille, studied at the State University of Iowa before working at a variety of jobs, including coal mining, steel mill work, salesmanship and lumberjacking. Having finally de-

cided on a writing career, he was a correspondent for the United Press, International News Service and several Mid-western news-

At the completion of two years in the Canadian army and one year in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a wireless air gunner, he was discharged from the RCAF and enlisted in the Marines. He took advanced training at Camp Lejeune and did Combat Intelligence duty before he came to The Leatherneck

Since 1945 his interesting articles have been making regular appearances in the magazine. After his recent discharge from the Corps he took over the duties of assistant managing editor.

The Fifth's signal officer never told the Navy commodore that the strange tongue which gurgled in his earphones was Navajo.

To the linguistically-keen ear, Navajo has a trace of Asiatic origin. But by the Marines who worked with the Indian talkers, the language is described as American double-talk mixed with a sound that resembles water being poured from a jug into a bathtub.

No fear was felt that the Japanese would break the code. But to guard against even the remotest chance of that happening, strict care was taken to keep the program absolutely hush-hush. More than once, security agents toured broadcast circuits looking for scripts which might give away useful information. An Arizona trade journal published an article covering Navajo reservation life. Although it turned out to be harmless, the reader in the Office of Public Information who discovered the article read it with clenched teeth and bated breath.

Last April, authority was granted to establish a retraining course for code talkers. Five Navajos were taken from each division for an intensive 21-day course emphasizing plane and ship types, message printing and transmission. These Indians then returned to their outfits to instruct other code talkers.

At war's end, Major General A. F. Howard's "grouse" committee arrived in the Pacific. One Navajo of the Fifth Division plied the committee with questions on rehabilitation. He was assured that benefits of the GI Bill were his for the asking. All available information was laid before him. "That's just fine," he said. "I was plenty worried

"That's just fine," he said. "I was plenty worried about after the war because all I've done in the Marine Corps is talk and a Navajo back home can't make his living talking."

Just what effect service life will have upon rehabilitated Navajos is still an unanswered question in the mind of Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs D'Arcy McNickle. The Commissioner's office is working with Marine Corps Rehabilitation Division in an attempt to interest Indians in small businesses and trades. However, if this postwar period follows the pattern of that succeeding the last war, Navajos can be expected to return to the reservation and take up sheep raising and the nomadic life that has characterized them for centuries.

Although tribal rights have been, in part, surrendered, the Navajos still live much as they did in the early days when they were first caught in the web of American and Spanish colonization. Many Indians have already returned to the hogans that are their homes. Boondockers have been swapped for moccasins and barrack caps for bandannas.

Only once during the war did they show any of the idiosyncrasies normally associated with their home life. First Division Navajos put on a ceremonial dance before leaving for Okinawa. They asked the gods to sap the strength of the Japanese in the coming assault. Other Marines looked on with interest and amusement. When the division reached Okinawa, the Navajos pointed out the ease with which the troops had swarmed ashore.

According to a later report, when the First met strong opposition in the south of Okinawa, a Marine turned to the code talker beside him:

"O.K., Yazzey, what about your little ceremony? What do you call this?"

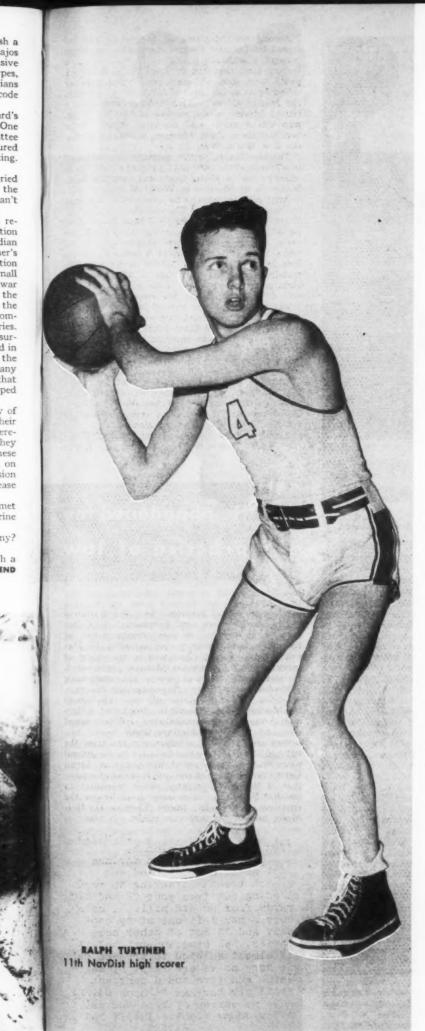
"This is different," the Navajo answered with a smile. "We prayed only for an easy landing."



PFC Carl Gorman, Chinle, Ariz., manned an observation post overlooking Garapan while Marines consolidated on Saipan



Over 400 of the 520 Navajos recruited for communications work became code talkers. Some became scouts and snipers



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CAGE CONSENSUS

T BEGINS to look as if two-thirds of last year's top three basketball teams will be back in there this season, possibly battling one another

Last year El Toro, Quantico and the Second Division had their quintets at Great Lakes for the All-Navy tournament, and the Second Divvy lads rated the Corps' number one spot by going to the finals, only to lose to the Navy's all-star Hawaiian Area champs. In the consolations, the Bulls from Santa Ana won out over Quantico 58-54. As far as the bestin-the-Corps title was concerned, it was Second Division, El Toro second and in the show-spot, Quantico.

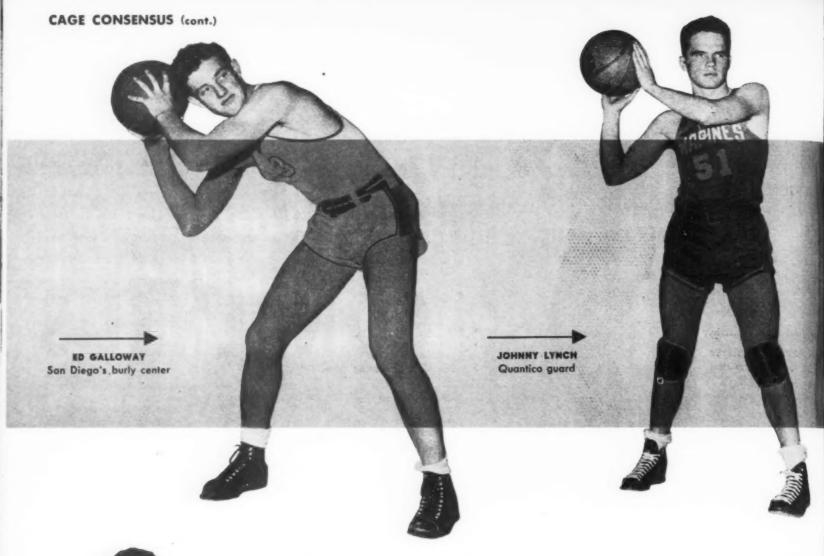
This year, in spite of the fact that all precincts have not yet reported, there are indications that Quantico will follow its baseball and football leads and wind up with the top basketball club, too. Coached once again by Lieutenant Colonel H. E. Honsowetz, who led them to the East Coast title last year, the squad has been augmented by the addition of Second Lieutenant Floyd H. Waldrop, Naval Academy star hoopster for the past three seasons and acclaimed one of the greatest Navy centers of all time. Another newcomer who has given the squad a shot of "high-life" is Connecticut University's All-New England forward, Captain Samuel Jaskilka. Starting at one of the forward positions is the high scorer of last season's team, PFC Dave Steindler out of Elkins, W. Va. Another holdover is Captain "Hap" Spuhler, formerly of Duke University and an All-Southern forward for two years. Spuhler is the squad's DLSS (doctor of long set-shots) which is a handy degree to have in your back pocket in those hard, close games.

The guard slots are secure in the capable hands of two other second season regulars, Sergeant Francis Sebring of Delphi, Ind. and First Lieutenant Bob Scott, who learned about the mysteries of casaba capers at Oklahoma A & M. Backing up this array of expert ball-handlers and

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTOS Cage finals at Great Lakes are goal of San Diego, El Toro and Quantico



DON CONROY
El Toro ace ball juggler

far from being classed as second-string material are Captain "Andy" Zimmer, former All-American at Indiana U and player-coach of last year's MCI team: First Lieutenant "Joe" Fellingham, who played frosh ball at Creighton U prior to entering the Corps in 1942; Sergeant Lamar H. Bragg, Akron, Ohio; PFC John R. Shehan, Columbus, Ohio, and Corporal Dick Burton, Mooresville, Ind.

The Devildogs of Quantico have a heavy 54 game schedule of which 24 will be against big college teams; the remainder of their contests will be played against teams in the Metro-Military league in the East. Their first two games were lost to George Washington U, 47-45, and topranking Long Island University 75-47, but they bounced back fast to take the University of Richmond, VMI and Wake Forest. By mid-season they were well on their way.

they were well on their way.

Out Santa Ana way, Los Toros have come up with a new mentor, First Lieutenant James Tuma, formerly of Albion College and the University of Michigan. With six of last year's regulars back on the squad, Coach Tuma got the team off to a flying start in an endeavor to nail down the Pacific Coast title for the second consecutive year. Heading the list of returning veterans of last season's high scoring quintet are Don Conroy from the gusty shore-line on the Chicago side of Lake Michigan. Shifted to guard this year, he has been able to maintain his high scoring game and may match his 1947 average of 15 points per game. An extraordinarily smooth ball handler, he is proving invaluable with his rescue work of rebounds in the back-court. At the other guard position, Bob Winkler, another Chicagoan, is holding forth and playing an even better game than he did in '46.

The center post is well protected since all three of last year's candidates have returned. Leading the trio is Mike Kampmeyer, from St. Paul, Minn. Mike achieved All-City honors in St. Paul prior to his enlistment in the Corps in 1946. Close on his heels are Ed Reed and Ziggy Tucker,

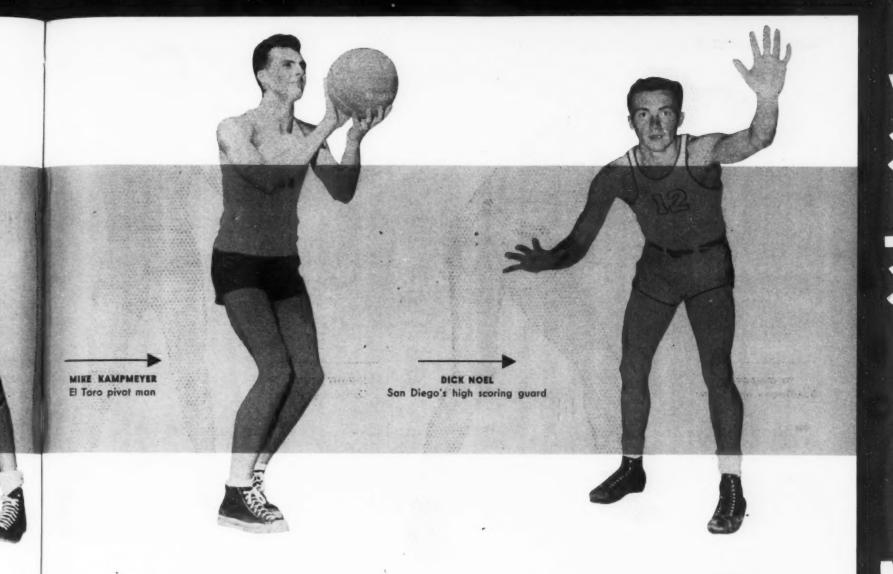
6' 3" and 6' respectively. If height does it, there's plenty of it there. Don Swangler and Floyd Freeman are holding down the forward posts and battling with Winkler and Conroy for high scoring honors. If the Marine Base, San Diego, can't beat 'em off for the West Coast title during the last half of the season, no one can.

The Base cagers with only two regulars from last season in the lineup have managed to come up with enough power to stay in the running with their northern rivals. They have usually been considered the favorite to take the 11th Naval District crown, and there doesn't seem to be any club in that sector this year which will be a road-block in their path to another title.

One of the returning regulars is bespectacled Corporal Ralph Turtinen, speedy, sharpshooting forward who poured 323 points through the hoops last year. Lacking the height that some experts deem necessary for good basketball, Turtinen has offset this by being able to turn on that extra burst of speed when needed. This, coupled with deft ball-handling and a "miked" eye, has left many a guard who possesses the required height muttering to himself after the Turtinen propelled ball has swished through the meshes.

PFC Dick Noel, the other veteran, is back at

Marine Hoopsters are hoping to add the '48 Basketball Crown to



guard and has come up with a highly polished offensive game, one that has fully justified his being voted "most valuable" to the squad last season. Both, Turtinen and Noel, are from Wisconsin; the former having a year of Frosh experience at the Badger university. This is expected to be their last season of play in the Corps since both men are planning to return to their native state after discharge in the Spring. The dairy state institution, famed in the Midwest's select circle of cage aggregations, will benefit by the Corps' loss.

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Corps' loss.

PFC Bill Hodge, six-foot Texan, has kept one of the forward spots well under control all season and alternates with Turtinen for high-scoring honors. Starting the season as a candidate for the center position, Hodge's sharp eye brought about his shift to forward, and in one of the early season games against the San Diego Naval Training Center when he dropped 26 points in the mesh bucket, the move was made permanent. PFC Delbert Hintz, who starred in the YMCA play-offs in San Diego, has been doing a whirlwind job in the other back-court job after a slow start. Harry Irvine, Bernie Lilla and Frank Mackison, alternate in that order. At center burly Ed Galloway seems to be standing up well under the pressure

and scoring his share of points when not feeding the sharpies. Jesse Altman, six-foot seven-inch reserve pivot-man, lends his altitude to the cause whenever Galloway gets the heave ho.

Although fielding a camp team, Camp Pendleton also went in heavy for a good intra-mural set-up for the troops which consists of 20 teams and promises a lively playoff at the end of the season. The Camp team is entered in the 11th Naval District League and while they are in the lower half of the standings the squad is coming along with every game. Coached by Lieutenant Welby W. Cronk, who learned his game in Bay City, Mich., the rest of the squad is made up of Lieutenant George G. Chambers, formerly of Transylvania College; Clyde Swachammer, of Jackson, Ind.; Bob Stevens, Port Clinton, Ohio; Frank Breen, from San Francisco and Lieutenant Cleon Nesbitt from Eugene, Ore.

The Second Division did not field a representative basketball team this year. All of their sports, with the exception of the teams engaged in All-Navy competition, are on a strictly intramural basis. They had three leagues in operation; two of them, the "A" and "B," were composed of squads from the Second Division. The "A" league contained nine teams while the "B" had eight. The third and remaining league was composed of camp personnel.

A play-off between the winners of these leagues was staged early in February. From the various squads an All-Navy team will be picked as representative of the Second Division in the All-Navy finals to be held at NTC Great Lakes, Ill., early in March.

All entries will be pointing for this windup tourney because more will be at stake than just the All-Navy pennant. The winner of this roundrobin will be the Navy's entry in the National AAU Basketball Tournament, to be held in Denver. The winner of this national tourney will represent Uncle Sam in the Olympic Games, scheduled for London, England, during July and August.

the growing list of All-Navy titles won by the Corps in 47



"Lookit 'im swing his hiller at th' harmless tris 44

Two hundred pounds of lovesick widow, a leprechaun from the old Corps and his elfin sweetheart with a hot temper, spell trouble for Mike and 24 mugs in

ulligans

URE, an' I been hearin' that Mike Mulligan's been seein' th' Widow Sweeney. An' him with such a pretty colleen fer a wife . . . too bad . . . " Paddy O'Toole, the Clay Pipe's robust proprietor, clucked his mouth in a truly sympathetic manner as he scraped the creamy foam from a piece of crockery almost as old as the Irish brogue itself.

There were quaint peculiarities about Paddy's little tavern, and if it hadn't been hidden deeply in the lush Irish countryside, with urban civil-ization three peat bogs away, it might have been the subject of wide exploitation.

Among the tavern's distinctive features which would have delighted travel magazine writers, were Paddy's beloved mugs. They were works of art, and they were antiques, but what made them remarkable was the fact that there were exactly twenty-four of them—there had only ever been twenty-four-and in several hundred years none had been broken. In order to perpetuate their whole existence Paddy had established a rigid rule-he never admitted more than twenty-four customers. All patrons over that number were restricted to the doorstep until a mug had been checked in to him, which almost never happened since The Clay Pipe was a very popular place.

The location of the tavern at the junction of five usually muddy wagon roads made it an at-tractive and dependable hub of information for and from the five tiny hamlets which seemed to dangle at the ends of the quintet of lanes. Wives forgave their farmer-husbands if they arrived tardily and drowsily from their tours of the villages where they sold their agricultural wares; if they had been to The Clay Pipe and had picked up sufficient gossip to be embellished and re-peated during the following week. Life would never be dull for the housewives as long as there was a Clay Pipe.

Conversation at the bar of the little pub was always lively. And this afternoon had been no exception, in fact, the reports had been the liveliest since Ireland had become a Free State. Big

Mike Mulligan was kicking up his boondocker heels again in another escapade. And this time his exploits had violated the highest law of decency.

"Faith, an' th' Saints preserve me, if it ain't just a year ago that I'm lookin' up from washin' me darlin' mugs, an' there's his hulk astandin' in me own doorway. A likely lookin' lad he was, too." Paddy paused a moment while he carefully placed Old Man Donovan's ale on the bar. "'Name's Mike Mulligan' he says, 'I'm takin' over the old Mulligan shamrock farm at Blarney

Bliss.' Have a brew, I says, an' we did."
"Mulligan . . . Mulligan?" asked Old Man Denovan.

"Him as was psychoed in the great war," shouted Paddy.

"Psychoed . . . ? Psychoed . . . ?" Old Man Donovan was really old, 85 at least, antique, like ? Psychoed . . . ?" Old Man mugs on the bar-and almost as deaf.

"Psychoed!" bellowed practically everyone in the room.

"I heerd ye . . . but what's it mean?" he shouted back at them.

'Tis a new-fangled sayin' they have invented,"
Paddy. "It's when the witches run off with said Paddy. soldiers' brains durin' the war."

The old man mumbled something, tottered to his favorite corner, sat down and went back into his usual trance.

"He was a friendly, smilin' lad," Paddy continued, "An' sure we had a fine talk fer awhile. An' then it was that I begin to git up me suspicions.

"By th' Good Saint's angels, an' it ain't a matter o' suspicion these days," proclaimed a vindictive patron.

"It ain't long before the young lad seems to be seein' things an' talkin' to a little guy that's not to be seen.

Loud oaths and threats outside of the tavern interrupted Paddy's narrative, and the beat of heavy shoes could be heard in the street. There was the swoosh of a large body rushing past the

by Karl A. Schuon

MULLIGAN'S MATCH (cont.)

door of The Clay Pipe and the scuffle of the patrons' feet as they hurried to the windows to investigate the disturbance.
"Speak o' th' divil . . ."

"If it ain't th' madman, hisself . .

"Lookit 'im swing his shillaly at th' harmless Irish air.'

"Sure, an' it's them Pacific Island witches that's got his brains.

"Faith an' it ain't safe bavin' him around." These and other remarks passed among the spectators who were crowded at the tiny windows of the tavern. Mike Mulligan's shouts stopped abruptly and the patrons drifted slowly back to their places at the bar.

"Sure, an' it's too bad . . . an' now this Widow

Sweency affair .

Paddy's observation was cut short by a dark shadow which was cast halfway across the room by a huge figure in the doorway. It belonged

to Mike Mulligan.

It was customary for Paddy's customers to glance quickly at the shelf behind the bar when a particularly undesirable visitor entered. If the shelf was empty it meant that the new arrival would be turned away for lack of a mug. time a solitary mug reposed on the oaken ledge. reached deliberately for the lone while Mike strode silently to the bar. Paddy was quietly drawing ale into the crockery when Mulligan demanded a drink.

"Sure, an' it's sorry I am. Mike me lad, but as I'm havin' a brew fer meself, there ain't a mug

in th' house which ain't in use."

Mulligan's Irish features were distorted with consternation and a dark scowl. A sigh of relief and satisfaction seemed to waver over the taproom from the patrons who had withdrawn to the tables at the approach of the scourge from Blarney Bliss. But this elation of the customers gave way to a sudden silence when Old Man Donovan arose from his chair and tottered toward the bar with

his empty mug.
"It's goin' I'll have to be," he said. "Th' old woman'll be wantin' me to be bringin' in the wood fer cookin' supper. Kape a sharp weather eye cocked fer this daft Mooligan yez were talkin'

about . . .

"Sure, an' this is him . . . " cried Paddy in disy. "An' it's him yer givin' yer favorite mug Sure, an' ye kin be stayin' a wee bit longer, may. can't ye?

"An" do ye be tellin' me that this is th' madman, hisself?" asked the old man in amazement. "Faith, an' I'm glad I'm goin'. It's not th' likes o' me that's to be cavortin' about with th' like o' And it seemed that Old Man Donovan moved faster than he had moved in the last 50 years as he disappeared through the door of The Clay Pipe.

"An' now what have ye to say fer yerself?" asked Mulligan as he picked up the old man's mug.

"Sure, an' it's . . . it's . . . " Paddy fumbled for words.

"Sure, an' it's servin' me ye'll be or I'll be tearin' th' place to splinters."

Paddy washed Old Man Donovan's mug carefully and filled it with ale. "Have a care how yer to be handlin' this choice gem o' th' old world." he said as he handed the begrudged mug to Big Mike.

MULLIGAN swallowed long and hard on his first draft, then he set the mug on the bar and stared gloomily into its depths.

"So it's mad that ye think I am?" he said after a pause.

Sure, an' what else are we to be thinkin'?" "If ye'll be bendin' yer ears down I'll be tellin' ye th' whole o' it. Faith, an' Saint Patrick's me witness if it ain't been a sad year that I been livin' since I come here. An' now it's me darlin' wife that's wantin' to be sailin' fer America.' Mike paused to take another deep swallow of his

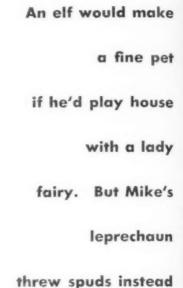
ale.
"'Tis no wonder, what with yer cavortin' capers with th' Widow Sweeney. It ain't right, what yer doin'.

"Will ye be shuttin' yer flabber lips whilst I be tellin' ye th' rest o' th' tale?"

"Sure, an' I wasn't meanin' nothin'," Paddy scified. "But it's th' whole neighborhood that pacified. knows o' yer carryin' ons."

to that if ye'll be holdin' yer "I'll be gettin' flappin' tongue. Fill up me mug, an' let's not be foamin' it too much this time. Faith, an' there weren't more 'an two drops in that last draft. Yer a slick one, Paddy O'Toole, but yer fergittin' that I been to th' States where they are givin' it to ye in glasses an' ye kin see what yer gittin' . .

"Yer a lyin' thievin' . . . " Paddy was in a rage but he stopped abruptly as Mike grabbed the empty mug. For a moment it looked as if there would only be 23. "Sure, an' I'm sorry, Mike me fine lad, be givin' me th' mug an' I'll be doin'



rushed to the doorway, swinging his shillaly at an imaginary object which was evidently close to the floor. At the door he stopped and peered up and down the street, then returned to his place

"There, ye seen it with yer own eyes," he pro-claimed. "An' that ain't th' wost o' it. I'm tellin' ye it's enough to drive a man to hangin' hisself."

"I seen th' potato," said Paddy, "but what was it ye were chasin' an' swingin' at?"

'It's him, me great granthy's leprechaun what I picked up on Okinawy when I was servin' with All th' way to America he's followed th' Marines. me, an' to Ireland when I come. An' he's been tormentin' me iver since

The patrons of The Clay Pipe were authorities on the subject of leprechauns and they gathered around Big Mike in an interested and sympathetic group. Each could offer suggestions for getting rid of the little pest, but Mike had tried everything and the accursed little goblin was still around, still wearing his tattered Old Corps uniform and a battered old campaign hat with a corroded globe and anchor emblem-still making

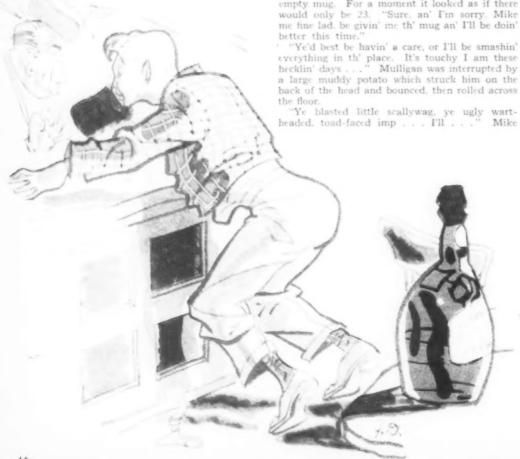
Big Mike Mulligan's life unbearable. "An' now it's a terrible jam I'm in," Mulligan stared moodily into his ale again. "Th' little scamp is gittin' lonely an' it's a female leprechaun he's wantin'. This is how come I been seein' th' Widow Sweeney-she's got one. But hers is a cute little thing, an' almost I ain't got th' heart to make th' match. Fer a female leprechaun she's awful sweet, quiet and kind. Her name's Priscilla an' she's got blonde curls. She's always nice, lovely things fer th' widow-diggin' in th' garden, washin' th' widow's clothin' an' cleanin' up th' house. She ain't no mate fer th' little divil that's plaguin' me.

"Sure, an' she might make a better leprechaun o' him," suggested Paddy. "Faith, an' I doubt it," said Mike. "But he's

promised to leave me fer good if I fix it so's he kin have a wife.

"Then how is't that yer worryin'? If yer to be buildin' them a little shack they'll maybe be happy an' th' little tyke'll let ye alone.

It's the Widow That ain't th' problem. Sweeney-she thinks I'm payin' her court. She



don't know about th' deal, an' I'm afeared if I'm to be tellin' her about it she'll be callin' off her little fairy."

"But what does the widow's little Priscilla think about yer ugly leprechaun?" asked Paddy. "She's gittin' fond o' the little skunk. He's been courtin' her outside while I'm keepin' th' been courtin her outside while I'm keepin' th' widow occupied inside th' house. It's on me way up there that I am now. The evil, little divil is to propose today an' if Priscilla is to accept him, he's to be lettin' me alone." Mike drained his mug and set it carefully on the bar. "Sure, an' I hope he'll be makin' her say 'yes'."

"Sure, an' it was misjudgin' ye that I was,"

said Paddy. "I'll be leavin' ye now," Mulligan started for the door. "But I'll be back later this afternoon

to let ye know th' results. Reserve me mug fer

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"Sure, an' I'll be doin' that. Good luck to ye."
A bucket of water fell on Mike as he passed

through the doorway.

Dripping and cursing, he trudged up the hill to the Widow Sweeney's house. He was met at the door by the little blonde Priscilla who smiled, then ran past him to the gate and into the arms of Mike's ugly little pal. Mulligan turned and watched the two leprechauns wander away hand in hand. He said a litany to Saint Francis, then

"Sure, an' I hope this is to be an end o' me troubles." Then he stalked in Then he stalked into the widow's

quaint living room.
"Is that you, me darlin' Mike?" came a lusty voice from the kitchen.

"Sure, an' it is," answered Big Mike.
"Be makin' yerself comfy an' I'll be bringin' some tasty, crispy muffins in a minute, me

Mike threw all of his bulky weight into a creaking armchair and scowled. His mind was not on muffins, nor on the two-hundred pound widow; he was concentrating on the proposal which was being made down in the lane, back of

THREE hours later the hangers-on at The Clay Pipe were surprised to see a new Mike Mulligan stride into the little tavern. His whole appearance and happy countenance were indicative of good news. His step was light and there

was a cheerful tone in his words as he announced:
"Ale fer th' house. Sure, an' I'll be buyin'
drinks 'til every barrel in Th' Clay Pipe is as
dry as the sands o' th' desert."

Paddy was delighted to see him and begged

for an account of the afternoon's events.

"They're to be married tonight. Me troubles is ended an' I can be settlin' me down with me little wife in th' peace an' quiet o' this glorious Irish land . . .

Paddy leaned close to Mulligan, "An' what about th' widow?"

"Sure, an' I won't be needin' to see her anyre. I ain't explained nothin' to her, but sure, she'll be fergittin' all about me."

an' she'll be fergittin' all about me.
"Yer a new man. Mike Mulligan," said Paddy.
"Sure, an' I am," answered Mike.
There was a crash of glass as a peat brick
whizzed through the air and struck Big Mike on the side of the head.

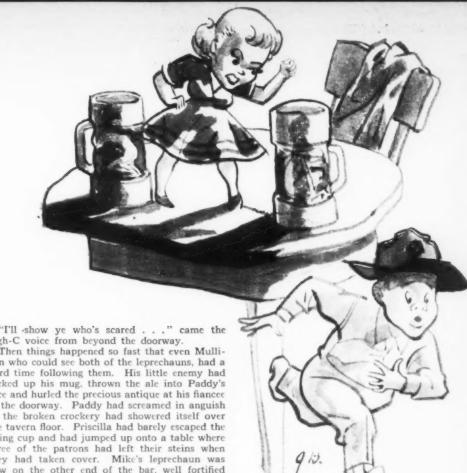
"Ye're a no-good spawn o' a guttersnipe an' I wouldn't be marryin' ye if ye were to be th' last leprechaun on earth," screeched a high-pitched female voice outside of the tavern.

Ye're a little straw-haired shrew an' it's lucky I'll be if I'm niver to be settin' me eyes on ye again," came an answer from a wheezy male

"Git out o' me sight ye ugly little punk!" squealed the female voice. "Or I'll be showin' ye th' wrath o' me noble ancestors."

There was a stupid, disappointed look on Big Mike's face as he watched his leprechaun scurry through the tavern doorway and dive for cover behind a spittoon. A huge rock rolled speedily after him and with the accuracy of a well-aimed bowling ball it struck the cuspidor, denting it and sending Mike's little imp sprawling into the charred embers in the open fireplace. He scampered out adjusting his battered hat and brushing the live sparks from his Old Corps uniform.

"I dare ye to be showin' yer face at the door," he shouted as he climbed up on the bar in front of Big Mike. "Sure, an' ye're scared, ye little blonde minx . . ."



high-C voice from beyond the doorway.

Then things happened so fast that even Mulli-gan who could see both of the leprechauns, had a hard time following them. His little enemy had picked up his mug, thrown the ale into Paddy's face and hurled the precious antique at his fiancee in the doorway. Paddy had screamed in anguish as the broken crockery had showered itself the tavern floor. Priscilla had barely escaped the flying cup and had jumped up onto a table where three of the patrons had left their steins when they had taken cover. Mike's leprechaun was now on the other end of the bar, well fortified with four mugs which had been waiting to be

At this point the fight began in earnest and several barrages had been exchanged before Priscilla got her sights adjusted and moved into the black with a low throw which caught her fiance across both shins, toppling him from the bar and plummeting him into the cuspidor below. His intended moved to another table and waited for him to emerge. He tried only once-this time his assailant's aim would have been perfect, but he ducked back into the brass can in time to escape what would have been a sure hit.

FOR a moment Priscilla waited with a poised mug. There was silence. Then a lusty, bellowing voice in the doorway seemed to shake

the tavern.
"Where are ye, Mike Mulligan, ye blasted no good, beggin', thievin' Orangeman! Come out or I'll be breakin' every piece o' furniture in th' place." It was the Widow Sweeney, and she was beginning to turn over tables and chairs in her

"Sure, an' me darlin' it's nothin' I done to be deservin' such names," said Mike as he raised his head from behind the bar.

"So, there ye are, ye gay deceiver . . . " Mike tried to get out of the way but he was too late. Another mug crashed as it glanced off of his shoulder. He flew into a blinding rage and snatched up a mug left by his leprechaun after the imp's sudden drop into the spittoon. Mike hurled it, but his pitch went wild and missed the widow by a foot.

Paddy was screaming for a peace pact and at this turn of events he entered into the brawl in an effort to prevent further shrinkage of his beloved collection but one of the widow's offbalance throws caught him on the ear and drove him back under a table. In the meantime Mike's leprechaun had extricated himself from the spittoon and advanced to another table which was well-stocked with ammunition. Again he entered the fray and for at least three minutes the air of The Clay Pipe was full of flying mugs.

The battle would still be raging but unfortunately there were only twenty-four mugs. Be-fore long these were broken into bits, and only the pieces became too small to throw did the Widow Sweeney take Priscilla by the scruff of her yellow curls and drag her off amidst the howling of shrill accusations.

Mike Mulligan crawled pathetically from beneath two tables and shamefacedly met the pur-

ple, scowling glare of Paddy O'Toole.
"Sure, an' by the Saints, I'll pay fer everything," said Big Mike in a very small voice.
"Sure, an' ye will . . ." said Paddy in a very

huge voice which was unmistakably vicious. It was then that he grabbed Mike Mulligan in a very unconventional way and in a moment Mike found himself sitting in the middle of the street.

He picked himself up, brushed some of the
Irish dirt from his clothes and started wearily for

Blarney Bliss. He peered around in search of his leprechaun, but the little fellow was gone.
"Sure, an' th' little darlin's 'll be makin' up an' I'll be rid o' the divilish imp," he mused to

He reached home without mishap and his pretty wife was waiting for him.

'In th' name o' Saint Patrick, what's happened to ye?" she asked. "Ye're covered with blood an' ye've got a bump on yer head th' size o' a potato. Were ye in a fight, me darlin'?"
"Sure, an' it was a good one," Mike answered

with a broad grin.

th a broad grin.
"Did ye win?" she asked.
"Did ye win?" she asked.
Then to himself he "Sure, an' I hope so." whispered, "An' it'll be worth all the gold I owe Paddy O'Toole if I'm to be free o' the thievin' little rat.'

"Be bringin' me some water from th' well an'

I'll be tenderly washin' yer hurts," said his wife.
Mike went happily to the well with a pitcher
and let down the old bucket. The rope unwound
rapidly and Mike heard the wooden pail splash the water far below. As he turned the crank which wound up the rope bringing up the heavy bucket, he had happy thoughts about the sweet, contented days he would have with his pretty wife and his shamrock farm-now that his leprechaun was gone.

But as the bucket neared the top of the well Mike could see that it had brought no water with it. Instead, there in the bottom of the bucket,

it. Instead, there in the bottom of the bucket, enjoying the ride, was his leprechaun.
"Sure, an' it's good to be seein' ye agin," squeaked the little elf. "But ye'd best be rustlin' yer britches an' fixin' yer roof afore it rains. Sure, an' I spent the lovely afternoon drillin' holes in it." holes in it."



farewell after his completion of four years as Commandant of the Marine Corps

THE Commandant of the Marine Corps desires to make general acknowledgement through The Leatherneck of the Christmas and New Year greetings received from friends of the Corps. Because of the number of messages received, he is unable to reply directly to each well-wisher. He therefore takes this means of conveying personal and official thanks to all, with cordial assurances of friendship.

Millions of Memorials

A campaign for the issuing of memorial stamps in honor of the war dead has been inaugurated by the All-Boro Collectors Club of New York.

The club is appealing to all stamp collectors and patriotically-minded organizations to cooperate in petitioning the Post Office Department to issue a stamp which will serve as a tribute to the men and women who died in America's wars.

From the standpoint of widespread recognition of their sacrifice, the postage stamp would be an ideal monument. Today, a majority of the people think of monuments in terms of beautiful parks and public buildings, but even these, as useful as they may be, have a significance which The postage limited to their own locality. stamp goes into every home, every business, and it could become a symbol of everybody's tribute

Eligibility Correction

The information concerning educational facilities of Marine Corps schools and the Marine Corps Institute, available for all classes of reserves, appearing in paragraph 2, page 4 of "Reserve Fower," October Leatherneck, was incorrect.

The policy concerning the eligibility of Reserve personnel is as follows:

The following members of the Marine Corps Reserve who are eligible for enrollment in the Marine Corps Institute courses are officers and men on continuous active duty; officers and men attached to organized units; officers and men of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, and enlisted members of the recruiting staff of the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, but only upon recommendation of the officer under whom they are serving.

"Soochow's" 10th

"Soochow." the little pup that made history by staying with the Marines from China to the States by way of several Japanese prison camps, celebrated his 10th birthday quietly at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego.

The popular Recruit Depot mascot can boast a longer, better and tougher service record than a great many Marines in today's Corps.

Soochow is a sergeant with a meat-cutter's 037 He is a qualified swimmer and has been the recipient of the Philippine Campaign, Asiatic-Pacific, Good Conduct, Victory and American Defense ribbons.

Rifle Matches

Headquarters Marine Corps recently released the following tentative dates for rifle and pistol division competitions during the year 1948:

Pacific Division—During the period 23 to 28 February at Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Western Division-During the period 19 to 24

April, at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

Southeastern Division-During the period 3 to 8May, at the Marine Barracks, Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Eastern Division-During the period 17 to 28 May at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Small World

Former Marine Martin Murrane, Jr., of Salem, N. Y., is beginning to believe that truth is stranger

When his November issue of The Leatherneck arrived on the first of that month he was reading the "Sound Off" column and noticed the name of Winton R. Roper of Houston, Tex. Roper was seeking information concerning the whereabouts of Marines he had served with during the First World War.

Exactly 29 years ago to that very day, Martin's father had assisted Roper to a first aid station in France. Murrane, Senior, has neither seen nor heard from his wartime buddy since that day.

A letter was promptly sent and a reunion is now in order.

It's A Woman's World

The Marine Corps' one time almost WR-less status is in the process of being changed. As of January, the strength of the Women's Reserve was again on the upgrade with the voluntary return to active duty of 50 WRs who were members of the inactive reserve. They are required to serve for six months and will not be eligible for civilian life again until the prescribed time has expired. Many of them have expressed the intention of staying in for 30 if they have the

When the Corps made its invitation, the Women's Reserve ranks had dropped from 17,578 enlisted women and 831 officers to 164 enlisted and seven officers, the lowest in its five-year These were the hashmarked holdovers

3 to

28

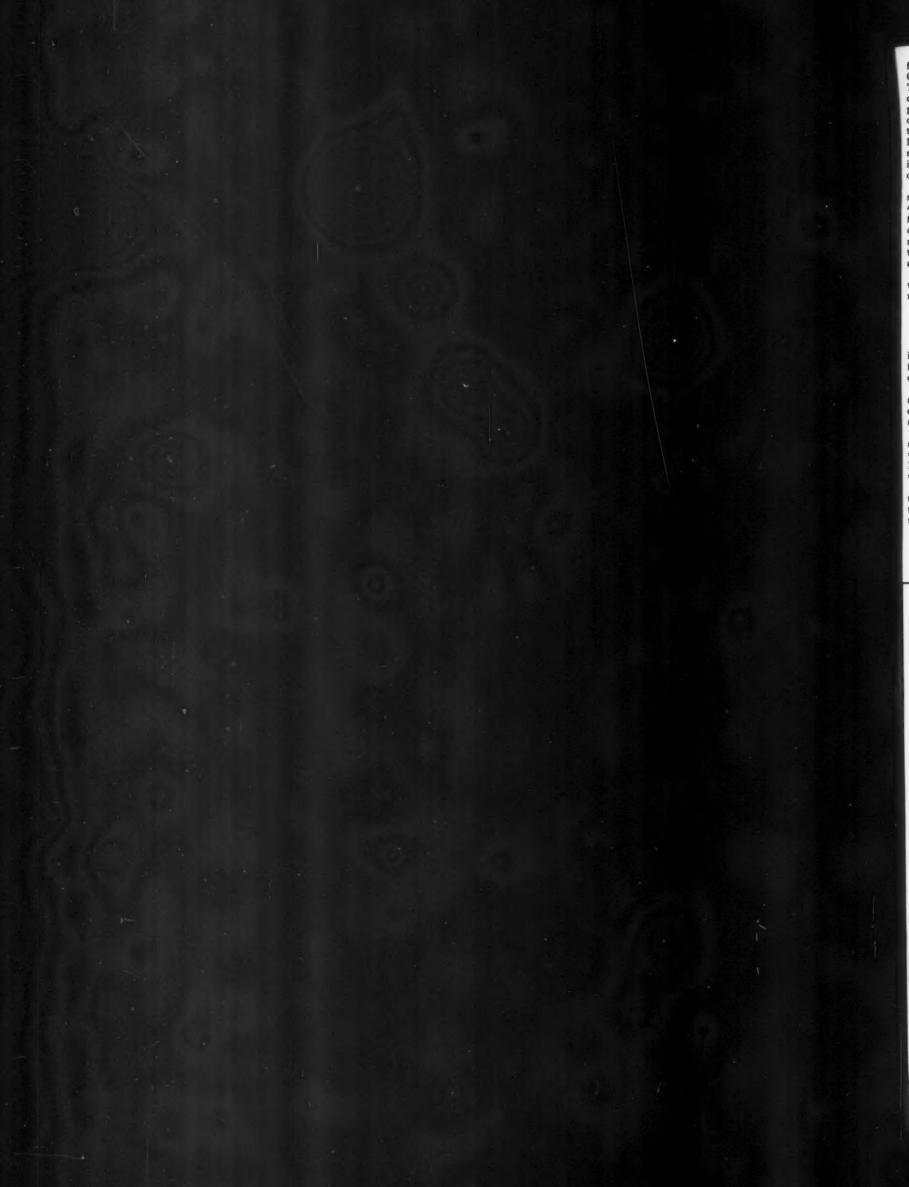
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from a blanket discharge for all women of the Corps which was scheduled for September, 1946. The women had been living in uniform from day to day, not knowing when they would be packing for home. Then the Terminal Leave Bill came along and stepped up the demand for typists and stenographers giving them a new lease on service life. Their outfit was again scheduled for disbandment in June, 1947. Again it was saved by the bell, this time in the form of backlogged office work.

The January enlistees, all of whom had to struggle through 96 words a minute dictation and 45 words per minute behind the typewriter, were funnelled into Headquarters where they will close an ever-growing gap in the stenographic ranks. They serve in the rate they held at the time of discharge with pay at the scale of rate and length of service.

Because there is no longer a compound in which they can live, all will get the tough assignment of living on subsistence and quarters.

The Postman's Ring

The merger plan may have nothing to do with it, but down Fort Belvoir way in Virginia, a former Marine teaches the Army, or at least their offspring, the art of self-defense.

The Marine is Al Horton, currently employed as a mailman at the Fort's post office. He is one postman who has proved that he can lick more than postage stamps.

Horton had built a reputation before the war as one of the most promising amateur light-weight boxers in the Washington, D. C., vicinity. Fighting from 1937 to 1942, the genial mail carrier won 76 of the 84 bouts in which he was engaged.

He joined the Marine Corps in 1942, and continued boxing, climaxing his ring career by taking the Inter-Allied championship in Melbourne, Australia, from the amateur lightweight champion

of that country. He won by a KO in the first round.

But Horton's fighting days ended when he was wounded on Peleliu. Since his recovery he has never been able to get back into shape and has given up his ring career.

With boxing still in his blood, Horton has organized a boxing class for the youngsters at Belvoir and holds classes three nights a week. The only trouble he has had with his pupils is that they want to start tossing leather around before they have learned the fundamentals of boxing.

Anyway, in the event the Army produces some hot-shot boxers, the Corps will be able to say that a Marine trained them.

Uninformed Inspector

Many things happen at and after A & I inspections. Most of it happens after—much EPD, much gum-beating, and many, many "chew-outs." And the larger portion of preparation for the A & I is pure, unadulterated confusion.

A & I is pure, unadulterated confusion.

At Camp Lejeune, a member of the Second Marines let the whole thing overcome him. His conversation with the inspecting officer made too much sense:

officer; "Who was present when you were issued 'blues?"

Peon (eager to snap the correct answer): "Truman, Sir!"

Officer (intending to remind the peon that he had neglected to give the person's military title): "Who?"

Peon (perplexed and seriously doubting the intelligence of the officer): "Truman, Sir!"

telligence of the officer): "Truman, Sir!"

Officer (now thoroughly aroused): "Truman?

Truman who?"

Peon (contemptuously): "Harry S. Truman, Sir!" After which he added in a very, very low whisper, "been president for two years."

Derned if he hasn't!

Canned Beefs

After a particularly rough day with the eightballs and clowns under their command, most plagued drill instructors retire to their quarters for a session of wild ranting and snarling. But Corporal Moore of Parris Island has a very original way of demonstrating his exasperation.

The corporal has constructed an underwater gadget, known as the "Gumbeater's Can," in the station swimming pool. It is a large GI can inverted, submerged and kept supplied with air. Whenever Moore reaches the breaking point he dives beneath the surface of the pool, enters the can and reviews his pet theories on the punishments suitable for the crimes committed in the name of recruiting.

On one of Moore's exceptionally maddening days, he swam to the "Gumbeater's Can," observed by a group of recruits. After 10 minutes, the boots were watching the surface of the water with great alarm. They became thoroughly disconcerted when 20 minutes had ticked away.

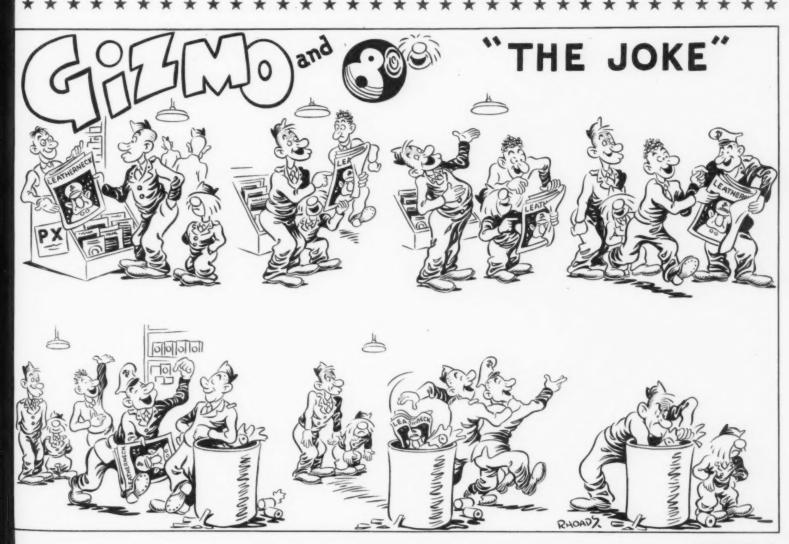
Finally, when the DI nonchalantly pulled himself out of the pool, he was surprised by the confusion made by would-be rescuers who were leaping into the water.

The shocked recruits firmly believed that the corporal had established a new world record, but only Moore knew that he had broken the elastic in his trunks.

They'll Starve!

Marines stationed in China—this applies only to those quaintly termed "Asiatic-gone"—were sorely chagrined when the Minister of Economic Affairs of the Nationalist Government proposed the elimination of certain delicacies from the Chinese cuisine.

Among the classic tidbits, held in exceedingly high esteem, and now to be deleted from the menu, are bird's nests, sea slugs (snails to you), and shark fins.





"Pal," who was wounded on Iwo Jima and was responsible for the capture of a large number of Japanese, became the first charter member of The Disabled American Veterans War Dog Chapter

Can They Vote?

Nothing is safe in this chaotic world. Even the Disabled American Veterans Association is going to the dogs. But it isn't as bad as it sounds—the DAV is going to the dogs for enlistments. That honored organization has formed a new chapter, The Disabled American Veterans National War Dog Chapter.

The only requirements for registration are that you must be a dog and you must have been disabled in the service of God and Country.

However, if you're an owner of an ex-service dog, you may register your canine veteran with the national DAV headquarters, 1423 East Mc-Millan Street, Cincinnati 6, Ohio.

Any dog reading this should rush his (or her) application to DAV today.

Wonder if there's a loophole in the GI Bill that would allow education and subsistance for . . .

The Eyes Had It

Many were the complaints by salty, wartime Marines when women were allowed to enlist in the Corps. Most of the objections were due to the known fact that no man likes to take orders from a woman. Hardest hit were, naturally, privates, PFCs and corporals who stood duty under the boot WR NCOs.

The resentment soon faded in most of the men and the Corps steamed on in its not-so-merry way. Nowadays, no one has a second thought about aforementioned femmes being called Marines.

But, the veteran-members of Celtic Post 569 of the American Legion, carried the innovation to civil life. Celtic, the only all-Irish Legion post in California, elected Staff Sergeant Muriel Sugden Ferby, USMCWR, to lead the 62 member Los Angeles group.

Los Angeles group.

The Celtic Post has a distinguished record of accomplishment for the benefit of the veteran. But, the things that veterans' organizations usually fight for are not the only jobs the post handles.

"We also care for children and wives of veterans, and help solve the impossible housing situation," says Miss Ferby.



Staff Sergeant Muriel Sugden Ferby, USMCWR, surrounded by officials and members of Celtic Post 569, American Legion, was elected Commander

of the 62-member organization. With Sergeant Ferby as CO, the Vet's post has distinguished itself in working for the ex-serviceman's benefit

ou want a REAT instead REATMENT smoke Old Golds

Don't look for any medical property in Old Gold. Our only property is the choicest tobacco grown.

And do we treat this leaf with loving care! Nearly two hundred years of tobacco know-how... and every quality safeguard . . . combine to give you pleasure unlimited and nothing else.

Do you crave that kind of smoke? Are you on the alert for rich, mellow tobaccos at the positive peak of perfection? Then light up an Old Gold, chum—for Pleasure with a capital P!



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When does a man start slipping?

The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

That he hasn't the drive and the energy he had in his prime . . .

That the days of his peak earning power are over . . .

That some day not so very far away some younger man will step into his

When does this time come?

It varies with many things. With the job-with a man's health-with the company he works for-with the man's ambition, determination, and

But of one thing you can be sure. It will come to you as surely as green apples get ripe-and fall off the tree.

Is this something to worry about? Well, yes, in a way. But the thing to do is to worry about it construc-

Certainly one of the best bits of worrying you will ever do will be the

worrying that leads you to save systematically.

And surely there is no better, surer way on earth to do this than through one of the two automatic ways of buying U. S. Savings Bonds . . .

What are they? The Payroll Savings Plan. And the Bond-A-Month Plan at the bank where you have your checking account.

Either method is an almost foolproof system of saving. It's automatic. You don't put it off. There's no "I'll start saving next month"no "Let's bust the piggy bank."

And when you really do need the money-when your health fails-or when you're old and ready to retire -it's right there waiting for you. Four shiny dollars, at maturity, for every three you invested.

So why not take this one step now that will make your future so much

Get on the Payroll Savings Planor the Bond-A-Month Plan-today,

Sure saving because it's automatic -U. S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

* * * * * * * *

MARINE'S POET LAUREATE

I served from 6April, 1942, to 3November, 1945, with a very good rating in my service record book—no markings ever got as low as 4.1. I did not rate a Good Conduct Medal at that time.

However, I have since been informed that a person enlist-ing 10December, 1942, and serving through 10December, 1945, rates this medal, provided his record is good.

The conclusion is that even

though a person enlisted seven months and four days later than I did, he rates a Good Conduct Medal for serving 37 days before I was discharged— even though I enlisted 248 days before he did. Something is SNAFU in the directive setting

this date at 10December, 1945. Why couldn't HQMC have forwarded this date to that day in September, 1945, when the corps started discharging per-

sonnel under the point system?

I would also appreciate any information in regards to the purchase of shoes, socks, dun-garees and skivvies from the

QM by discharged Marines. Is it possible to do so? I hope Leatherneck is plan-ning to do an article on the "Poet Laureate" of the Pacific,

Captain (now Major) John E. Esterbrook, USMC.

During the long months overseas, his humorous odes to messmen, cooks, mech's., truck drivers, ordnance men and other members of the Night Fighter Squadron to which was attached, built up was attached, built up the morale of the men under him. His book of poems entitled "Out of the Night," given to members of the squadron in December, 1944, is a treasure that I would like to add to with an entitle on him and with an article on him and more of his odes and poems.

Thanks, and regards to all members of Platoon 287 (1942) and VMF(N) 534 who may

read this article.
Ex-Sgt. "Tulagi" Joe Rawlins Union City, N. J.

Letter of Instruction 1183, reducing the require-ments of the Good Conduct Medal to a minimum of three years instead of four, was signed by the Commandant on 10December, 1945, and went into effect on that date.

The only clothing for sale by the Marine Corps are the outer garments of the uniform, shoes excluded. These are for ceremonial purposes only and must be applied for to the Quartermaster General. HQMC, Washington, D.C.

Leatherneck carried an article on then Captain John E. Estabrook in the May 15, 1945, Pacific edition.-Ed.

LEATHERNECK OBJECTS TOO

I will gladly pay more per year for Leatherneck if you will only quit using that cheap grade of paper that the last couple of issues have been printed on.

I've seen 10c detective magazines on better newsprint. William O. Alexander

Chicago, Ill.

 Leatherneck does not like the type of paper you complain about either. But, due to circumstances over which we have little control, this grade of paper has been substituted temporarily. A return to a better grade of paper is hoped for soon.-Ed.

FUTURE MESS SERGEANT

Would like to request inforwould like to request infor-mation as to becoming a mess sergeant in the Marine Corps. At the present time I am learning the butcher's trade— will that help me to advance when I enlist?

A future Marine

• It might take some time to work up to the rank of mess sergeant. But being a butcher should help.-Ed.



FOULED UP AFTER DARK

Please accept my first com-ment on Leatherneck in nearly eight years.

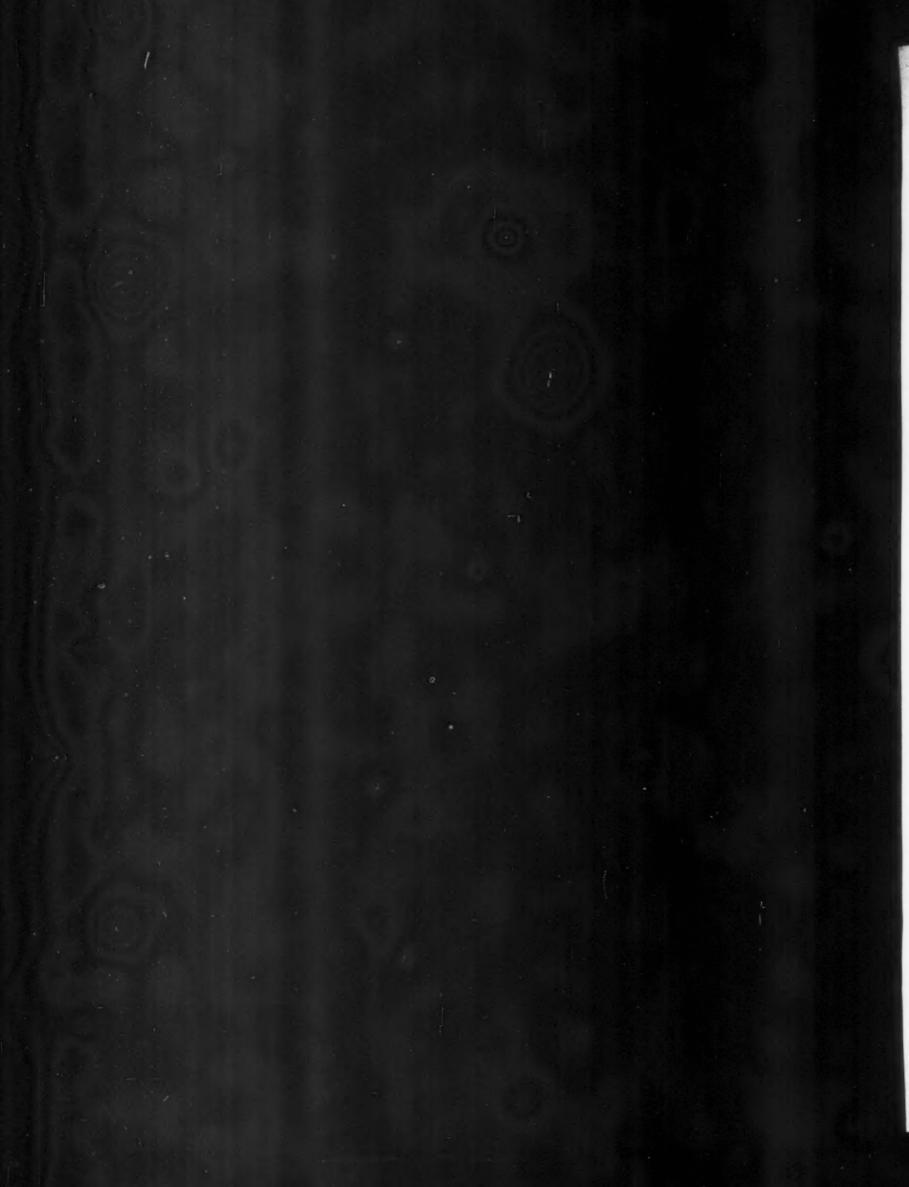
In reference to the art work by W. G. Johnson (Leather-neck art contest winner-Ed.) on page 52 of the November issue: is the man at the ma-chine gun a natural southpaw, or is he just fouled up after

Didn't we learn that the trigon the left hand? He is using his right hand on the trigger and his left to traverse the gun.

J. L. Curley Hutchinson, Kan.

 You are correct and surely remember your machine gun training. The left hand finger is the correct trigger finger, and the right hand operates the elevating and traversing knobs. However, Leatherneck selected this piece of art as submitted and discounted the mistake as a concession to Mr. Johnson's "artistic license."





RETIRES WITH HIGHEST RANK

Article 25-162 (4), Marine Corps Manual, cites the Act of 6 June, 1924, as amended by the Act of 24 June, 1936, and refers to retirement of enlisted men "who served honorably as commissioned officers, regular, temporary or reserve, in the military or naval service (in World War I) shall be entitled to receive the pay of retired warrant officers."

Has a similar law been passed to cover enlisted men who served as officers during World War II? If so, could you briefly outline the salient features of the law in The Leatherneck, and also cite the law which provides for such retirement?

Our impression here is that an enlisted man who held com-missioned rank during the re-cent fracas will be retired at the highest rank attained, but can't back up our assertions with the pertinent law. It's a question that, I think, will interest a great many of the readers of Leatherneck since there must be a lot of people to whom it would apply

SSgt. W. R. Swindells Jacksonville, Fla.

• Public Law No. 305, approved 21 February, 1946 by the 79th Congress, allows any enlisted man who had attained commissioned rank during World War II to retire with his highest attained commissioned rank, with retired pay commensurate with that rank-provided his service in that rank was satisfactory and on approval of the Secretary of Navy.

Example: A wartime captain, now serving as a master sergeant, desires to transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve after 21 years of active service. He transfers to the FMCR in accordance with the latest instructions contained in L of I No. 1458, dated 29 May, 1947. He then serves nine years in the FMCR, at the conclusion therefore and upon reaching 30 years service, his pay would increase to the retired pay of a captain.-Ed.

"HAIR-TRIGGER HOP"

Just goes to show you what one misses when he reads the nickel newspapers and looks down his nose at the penny mosquitoes. I didn't even know Stony Craig existed, and here he's done 30 and retired. I was more interested in your story of Frank Rentfrow, known back in my time as "Hair-Trigger Hop.

I used to read Leatherneck back in the days when it was strictly a magazine for professional soldiers. The Walla Walla, mentioned on another page of the magazine, was a going concern with art by Rhoads, Pendergast, and Leon Wayland. It was edited by Benny Rogard and Red Griffin. A lusty column, full of philosophical comment, keen humor, and rating appearances in the best of company, was written by a smoke-stacker called "The One Nighter." If anyone wonders whatever became of him, I'm doing all right, thank you. The only reason my stuff isn't syndi-cated now is that I don't need the money. I do get a little tired of the dole now and then, however.

But to get back to my hero
"Hair - Trigger Hop" Frank
Hunt Rentfrow. Your article
stated that he enlisted on 23
March, 1927. Now, I have no
way of knowing how well Hopwell-ked boot camp or how py liked boot camp, or how much trouble he might have had in graduating from recruit status to that of a Marine rat-ing liberty and the privilege of looking at a corporal eye-to-eye, instead of from under a blade of grass, but I enlisted on 31 March, 1928, and I met and talked with Rentfrow after my training was completed. And, I am positive he had just And, I am positive in ad just arrived from the rifle range. My platoon was A-61, so his must have been A-56, B-57, C-58, D-59 or E-60.

By the way what ever became of Rentfrow?

Gus A. Council Chicago, Ill.

 You were right about Rentfrow's enlistment date. It was 21 March, 1928, according to records at Headquarters, Marine Corps. CWO Frank Hunt Rentfrow is now editor of the Quantico Sentry at Quantico, Va.-Ed.



GUMBEATS FROM GUAM

I am a member of the First Marine Brigade stationed on Guam. There are about 4000 Guam. men in the brigade and six battalions.

I think that each battalion should have its own EM Club, movie, post exchange and barber shop. It would sure save a lot of confusion if it was that wav.

But someone has decided that we should have only one movie, PX, barbershop, post office, etc. None of these places is big enough for a whole brigade. The movie is big enough in area, but if you sit half way back, a pair of field glasses is needed to see what is going on. The only thing we have of our own at the present time is an EM Club, which could stand a little paint and decorating.

Hopeful

Guam, M. I.

• The most likely explanation for this situation is the fact that there is still some uncertainty as to the number of men who will be maintained on Guam. The rigid economy imposed on the services make it imperative that they look into the future and plan expenditures accordingly.-Ed.

WANTS TO TRAVEL

Sirs:

I was just wondering why it is so hard to get a transfer out of the Second Division. I have nothing in particular against the outfit, but I have been with it for a year, and only have one year left on my cruise. Where is all of this "travel and adventure" those recruiting posters talk about?

PFC E. G. Knopf Camp LeJeune, N. C.

• There is lots of duty in the Marine Corps, some good, some bad; but always remember that no duty beats Stateside.-Ed.

CORPORAL WANTS PIX

Sirs

If any man that was in the First Platoon, Easy Co., 22nd Marines, who was aboard LST 78 in June and July, 1944, has the negatives—or prints—of the pictures taken during that time, I would like to obtain a set.
The last word I had was to
the effect that Lieutenant
Gunter had them. I would
also like to get the pix taken of the platoon on Guam.

We are having a little trouble out here and I wish you would straighten it out before some-one loses their temper. In the Marine Corps, is a man considered innocent until proven guilty, or, is he guilty until he proves himself innocent? Cpl. Bobby W. Bradley,

Range Division, MarDet. USNTC, San Diego, Calif.

· Section 154, Naval Courts and Boards, states: "The law presumes every man innocent of crime. The prosecution has in each case the burden of overcoming this presumption . . . The burden of proof never shifts to the accused "-Ed.

Now hear this ...



A valuable education is being given away. Not for slogans. Not for box-tops. Not for 25 additional words or less. Given away FREE to every Marine smart enough to apply for it.

Here's your chance to get the train-ing you need to qualify for a higher rating—and a well-paid job in civilian life. Don't miss out! Write the Marine Corps Institute today for an enrolment blank and a complete list of

Here are a few of the courses

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Servicing Reading Shop Blueprints Refrigeration Stenographic Secretarial Surveying and Mapping Toolmaking WELDING - G - Gas

For enrolment application blanks and full information, write now to —

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps. Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scrantos. Ph., have had a rivine of supplying institute and institute and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps. that I. d. S. dedicates the above message.



SINCE 1918

A.M.BOLOGNESE and SONS tailor and haberdasher

QUANTICO, VA.

FLORSHEIM SHOES

If you suffer discomfor from morning nausea or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Used for over a third of a cer.tury as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists MOTHERSILL'S, 420 Labsette St., Rev Pork, 3, R v.

Why take a chance?

PASTEURIZED MILK is safe milk

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FOLLOW our round-up of basketball -- baseball -- football and track. Don't roll snake-eyes. Subscribe now 1 year \$2.50.





"Movie Star? Nah! Just a doll protecting her eyes against the wolves' DYANSHINE'D shoes."

CLICK WITH THE SLICK CHICKS

KEEP SHOES SPARKLING WITH

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Liquid Shoe Polish

Put Liquid Dyanshine on sparingly, then brush or rub with a cloth and watch your shoes come to life on the double. Liquid Dyanshine covers better because it adds color to scuffs and scratches to give a smooth, even polish. Dyanshine keeps shoes pliable and comfortable... replaces normal leather oils that dry out in sun and dust. Costs only ½ cent a shine, and the shine lasts longer. Follow Dyanshine directions to make it go farther.



DYANSHINE PASTE POLISH

in the same fine quality as Liquid



Dyonshine.
Available in
Military Brown,
Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

Sirs:

I have a little sounding off to do in regard to the "Modern Marine Corps."

Myself, I am a former Marine, who can say he was in when "men were men," or to put it bluntly — before the women and dogs. Even though I am out, I can't help but take a good look when I see someone wearing a green uniform. Here are a few discrepancies I have noted:

Poor wearing of the uniform—most of the offenders being these rapid promotion NCOs having about "a year and twenty minutes" in the Marine Corps.

Too many Marines wearing their trousers too short—some

as much as two inches.

Why did the Marine Corps do away with the old chevrons? If they want them all with "rockers," then let's go back to platoon chevrons with stars and gunnery sergeants with a bursting bomb in their chevrons.

The biggest mistake the Corps has made is the adoption of spec numbers. This I believe was what really paved the way for the merger! As it stands, there are a great number of men who can't be promoted because they have the wrong number. There are PFCs with five years service, corporals with eight, clean records, nothing against them, except spec numbers. On the other hand, another man on a two year enlistment makes sergeant because he has the right number. I believe that is why there aren't more re-enlistments.

As for the men wearing the uniform poorly, I think it's the fault of company commanders, NCOs, and even the drill instructors in boot camp. Some of the men have never been charm born.

shown how.

The Leatherneck could be of great help by showing diagrams of how uniforms should be worn. At least some of these people could get their trouser lengths straightened out.

It is pretty bad to see a Marine walking down the street with his hat on the back of his head, jacket unbuttoned, shoes not shined and trousers so short that they look more like these new dresses women wear. I mean that's how much some of them come above the ankle.

of them come above the ankle.

John C. O'Toole

Portsmouth, Va.

• Spec numbers are considered important to the Marine Corps as a whole, making it easy to find large numbers of menfitted for certain occupation fields in a hurry. We may need to do that in case of another war. Spec numbers had nothing to do with the merger.—Ed.



MARINES IN COMBAT

Sirs:

Being a patient in the hospital sure gives a bunch of men plenty of time for argument. Currently we are in a big one. I am the only one who saw service with the Marines and want to get a few facts to back me up.

I have always thought the Marines had a higher percentage of men actually in combat than did the Army. But some of these doggies seem to think differently. The lieutenant I am trying to convince is a hard man to see the light. Can you help me out?

help me out?

Irving R. Emmerthal
Wallingford, Conn.

• There were 599,693 Marines in the Corps during the war, of which 19,000 were Women Reserves. Of this total, 92 per cent of the officers and 89 per cent of the enlisted personnel saw overseas service. However, just how many of these saw combat is a little hard to determine. Judging from the large number of non-combat billets the Army was called on to fill in military governments, ser-vice and supply, etc., we feel you are safe in saying that a greater percentage of Marines saw combat than soldiers.-Ed.

DYMOND VS. DIAMOND

Sirs.

I've been having a little controversy with my wife (roommate in academy slang) concerning the spelling of the name of the world's most celebrated mortarman, MGySgt. Lou Dymond.

As you notice, I spelled his name "Dy----," whereas the wife spells it "Dia----." The incident of spelling arose while I was writing a weekly composition for the English Department. I hate to think I committed a sacrilegious deed by misnaming one of the Corps' greats.

Midshipman James Lofershi USNA, Annapolis, Md.



ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Sirs

There have been a lot of arguments among the fellows I know about the requirements of vision to join the Marine Corps. Can a man enlist in the Corps if he wears glasses?

Bob Zettel

Manitowoc, Wisc.

• Yes, provided his eyes are correctable to 20/20 with glasses.—Ed.

YOUR PAYCHECK

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THE amount of your paycheck is a practical yardstick for evaluating the benefits of education.

IS A YARDSTICK

Magazine publisher B. C. Forbes recently polled the U. S. and selected "Fifty Foremost Business Leaders of 1947." Unlike his first poll of 30 years ago, the successful man of 1947 took his first job after finishing college. This trend toward higher education continues; look at the overcrowded colleges. Today, education above the high school level is virtually a "must" in every field of endeavor.

The Marine Corps Institute offers you EDUCATION. College courses, high school courses and vocational courses. Comparable correspondence courses offered by civilian institutions are valued at \$17,000! All of these courses are available to you FREE!

You have the opportunity for EDUCATION, but remember, opportunity does not flow in a steady stream like a river it comes and goes in great tides. The decision to seize it rests with you alone. Using your paycheck as a yardstick, can you afford to neglect it? The attached coupon properly completed will start you on the way to higher rank, higher PAY!

FROM (RANK) (FIRST NAME) (LAST NAME) ISERIAL NO.1 (ORGANIZATION) (U.S.M.C. ADDRESS) SEND M.C.I. HANDBOOK PLEASE ENROLL ME IN .. NAME OF COURSE

U. S. MARINE M.B. Bih & EYE STS., S.E., WASHINGTON 25, D.C.



RE-ENLISTMENT BLUES

Sirs:

I have been in the Marine Corps for six years. My pres-ent rating is staff sergeant. ent rating is staff sergeant. I'm thinking about getting out and trying civilian life for a while, one year to be exact. Would I get my old rating back if I enlisted at the end of that year? If not what rate would

A Fellow Marine Philadelphia, Pa.

LofI 1490 states that a staff sergeant must reenlist within 90 days to retain his rate. If re-enlisted within two years after discharge you would come back as a sergeant (fourth pay grade), after two years, a Private First -Ed. Class.-



During the month of November (1947) I gazed intently at your calendar and mentally made notes regarding the hilar-ious time I would have on the three-day holiday. When lo! to my bewildered mind, came the realization that some ignoble personage had erred to the point of placing our time hon-ored and beloved Thanksgiving

ored and beloved Thanksgiving Day on Friday.

I had only become reconciled to the date being moved back by Democratic decree, (being a dyed-in-the-wool Republican) when to my complete consternation, I am reminded that the Republicans are again occupying the high throne, and cupying the high throne, and we have once more had our great forefathers, the Pilgrims, put back the holiday to a dif-ferent day entirely. Now I wonder if those who so valiantly established our most honored traditions were sure just what day they arrived in this glor-

ious country.
Our first President, and great liberator, General George Washington, established that a day of Thanksgiving should be observed in the month of Febobserved in the month of Peo-ruary. Since that time, and apparently to this day, man has vied for the honors in mov-ing one of our most sacred days of observance about, as though the blocks on our calendar were

a chess board.

For the sake of my descendants, and the descendants of my contemporaries, Please! Can not the Congress of the United States intercede to the point of once and for all establishing to the eternal peace of mind of the people of this great nation, a day to be known as Thanksgiving, where-by we may plan somewhat in advance our own particular method of giving thanks? MSgt. J. W. Townsend

We accept Master Sergeant Townsend's sly dig at Leatherneck for the mistake on calendars distributed by us having Thanksgiving (1947) falling on Friday 28th, stead of Thursday, 27th. However, we are passing the buck right on down to the printers.-Ed.



SPARLAND STATIONERY



ROOT EVIL

is Ken ("Goldy") Goldthwaite's new novel of suspense and mystery. Even better than You Did It, which he wrote while first sergeant of Marine Barracks, Submarine Base, New London: or his later Scarecrow, written when he was first sergeant of Marine Bombing Squadron 433 in the South Pacific. Root of Evil is a tightly knit, fast-paced story, Goldy's best to date.

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LL in your magazine. The Leatherneck. By u -- for u -of u -- 1 YEAR-\$2.50

U.S.MARINES



LAND SEA AIR
Going forward together









Isrsenic and Old China

OMEWHERE on a scrap pile along the coast of North China lies a beaten, dog-eared pocketbook edition of Joseph Kesselring's popular stage play, "Arsenic and Old Lace." It is unlikely that anyone will ever read it again, and the rickshaw coolie who will eventually pick it up and burn it to warm his hands while waiting for his next fare will undoubtedly never realize that this book began one of the oddest and most interesting stories regarding the production of a play that has ever come out of China.

On a January evening in 1946 in Tientsin, during the occupation of North China by Major General Keller Rockey's famed Third Marine Amphibious Corps, a young second lieutenant and a small group of enlisted men were in conference. The officer was Lieutenant Thomas L. Young of Watertown, S. D., the newly appointed special services officer for the Corps' Signal Battalion and we were his recently chosen assistants. Our problem was to find something which would entertain the bored Marines who were stationed there.

Unfortunately, we were not trained special services assistants; we knew nothing about the art of lifting morale; we were communications men whose former job had been to string wire and operate "Walkie-Talkies." Ours was a new task in the Marine Corps. Only after the war had been won had the Corps



Props, wardrobe and a leading lady for "Arsenic And Old Lace" are big production problems anywhere, but Marines managed to solve them in North China

authorized a special services department as we knew it in China.

One of our group, PFC Tom Reddy of Hackensack, N. J., idly fondled a "complete and un-abridged" edition of "Arsenic and Old Lace." "Why don't we put on this show?" he asked.

There was silence while all of us considered the suggestion. We searched our memories, trying to recall details of the production which had played to howling Broadway audiences.

"I don't think we could do it," replied a eptic. "In fact, I'd say it's impossible. The skeptic. play concerns two crazy old maids in Brooklyn who use arsenic as a mixer in the elderberry wine they serve their guests. Now where could

we find two women capable of playing those parts on this side of the world?"

"And the leading lady," added another. "Where could we find a beautiful girl here in China without slant eyes? Then there's Teddy, the nephew of the old gals . . . he's nuts too . . . thinks he's Teddy Roosevelt. No, I don't think we could find anyone around here who could act that

"I saw the play myself," I mentioned, "and the home in which the old maids live in is like an antique shop . . . strictly Victorian. We'd never find any old Victorian home furnishings here.

Tom Reddy, who had originally suggested the

Tom Reddy, who had originally suggested the play, refuted all of our arguments and finally, after an eloquent sales talk, he convinced us that this play had possibilities.

With Lieut. Young as producer and Tom Reddy in the director's seat, we went into production during the first week in January. The work had been divided and each of us turned work had been divided and each of us turned to on our respective assignments which would

Tom Reddy finishes the hem of Morton Siegel's dress. Siegel impersonated one of the old maids

ultimately transform that twenty-five cent 'pocketbook edition" into a living, recognizable stage play.

A few all-night sessions with a typewriter and mimeograph machine produced enough scripts for the cast—when one could be recruited—for although all of us were willing to play any part which might be assigned to us, we still needed

men to fill remaining vacancies.
I can't help chuckling just a bit as I recall the unconventional methods we used to assemble 14 persons to complete the odd cast which "Arsenic" requires. In the chow line, in the showers and while on liberty we scouted constantly for a prospective villain, or for a "Teddy Roosevelt," or for some other necessary types.

Our search for two old maids ended when we finally decided that two Marines would have to play the roles. Corporal Morton Siegel of Lakewood, N. J., consented to take one of the parts and our director assumed the other.

The problem of finding a leading lady was not solved so easily. Two Marines disguised as old women could deceive an audience, but we could never have convinced the customers out front that a padded, powdered Marine was the object







of the leading man's attention. The Marines had been overseas a long time, but not that long. Our search seemed hopeless until we found Bess Attree who seemed to fit the part perfectly. was a British girl who had just been released from the Japanese interment camp at Weihsien where most of the foreigners residing in the Tientsin area had been confined during the war. With Miss Attree came another talented British girl, Miss Ursula Simmons, whose help assistant director was greatly appreciated. When our feminine lead had been selected we began to rehearse in the basement of our quarters in the old American barracks.

adjutant, Lieutenant Fred Knoth, Jr., of Union, N. J., dropped in to see how the play was pro-I don't imagine it made much sense gressing. to him at that point, since our cast was still incomplete and occasionally one man would have to read the parts for two or three other characters who were missing. He hadn't been standing there more than ten minutes when I saw the director staring at him. He must have been imagining how the adjutant would look in a drooping moustache and wearing glasses, because suddenly he exclaimed:

During one of our rehearsals our battalion

'There's our Teddy!"

We all saw the resemblance immediately and five minutes later he had agreed to play the part, although not without some reluctance, since he had never been on a stage before in his life. However he handled the part extremely well and

always gave a convincing performance.

The detail of building the set was assigned to PFC Bob Frost, a former telephone lineman. He had few tools and his only plans were several rough sketches prepared for him by the director. We were at a loss for lumber, but an intensive search revealed a Japanese lumber yard which yielded a few odds and ends flatteringly called He set to work with it though, figuring that if the Japs could have built anything with it he could, too.

In the meantime, PFC William S. Johnson, Jr. of Rocky Mount, N.C., our prop man, plodded through the city digging up the props that were to furnish "Arsenic's" happy (?) home. Bill was a slow-talking, slow acting but quick-thinking Southerner, and left not a rickshaw unturned in his search. Where many of the props came from is still a mystery but I do know that one Russian woman in Tientsin is still looking for him, hoping to recover a small serving tray which he borrowed from her and never managed to return.

In the basement of the former German Club, Johnson found an old davenport and chair which seemed to fit the motif of our set. The battalion sick bay loaned us a variety of horrible looking hypodermic needles and surgical instruments which are wielded by the play's mad doctor. Jesuit missionary lent us some vestments for the minister. Eventually every necessary item had been collected.

Costuming for our production ranged from 'pillow-bosomed' old ladies' clothing to New York police uniforms and presented a problem until we discovered how proficient Chinese tailors can be with a needle and thread plus a few directions. A few members of the cast also filled in as dressmakers until finally our wardrobe was complete.

Make-up for "Arsenic" was an essential, and Captain John Lemay, our battalion quarter-master, provided an experienced touch which transformed our two young Marines into sweet little ladies and prevented our villain's resemblance to Boris Karloff from being vague. captain's knowledge of greasepaint provided the entire cast with the depth and life which had

been absent throughout the rehearsals.

In the original play there is a window seat, the top of which can be opened. It is used as a temporary resting place for the old maids' ill-fated guests, while "Teddy," the nephew, digs more suitable resting place for them in the cellar. He refers to these graves as "Locks for the Panama Canal." As an added effect, the window seat is supposed to squeak in an "Inner Sanctum" manner. When the show opened we had perfected our squeak but no one in the audience ever realized that it came, not from the window seat itself, but from an old Chinese fiddle played back stage by our sound effects man. His awkwardness with the instrument gave it a real

for capacity crowds in Tientsin included every-thing but singing commercials. One evening we sent one of our men into Tientsin's huge rickshaw barns loaded with bundles of our advertising





Cast members of "Arsenic And Old Lace" pose beside their C-47 before leaving Tientsin to play an engagement for Marines of the Sixth Division

at Tsingtao. Another C-47 was used to carry their set and props. The girls in the photo are English and had been war prisoners of the Japs

brightly colored handbills announcing our opening The grinning rickshaw coolies seemed to enjoy the whole thing although not one of them could read the posters.

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They couldn't read the posters but they could read Chinese, and this gave us an idea regarding the tickets we had printed. Although the show was free to all Marines and their guests, the theater could only accommodate a certain number of them at one time. This made it necessary to issue only enough tickets to fill the theater on each night of our run in Tientsin. which was located in the heart of the ex-Japanese concession, was difficult to find, therefore the address of the theater was printed on the tickets in Chinese and when they were shown to the rickshaw drivers the coolies knew exactly where to take their fares.

The dress rehearsal itself was very poor. Lines which had been memorized "down cold" were strangely forgotten that evening and the million and one things that can go wrong in a play all came thundering down on us at once. Somehow we couldn't keep from carrying our nervousness and stage fright onstage with us. Our director, whom we had all come to respect for his enthusiasm and drive was forced to threaten us with continuous rehearsals right up until curtain time.

I often wonder if the Broadway cast of "Arsenic and Old Lace" felt as nervous on their opening night as we did on ours. Long before curtain time the theater was packed with waiting Marines all anxious for real live entertainment. This was to be the first stage play tha most of these veterans had seen in two or three years. It was then, in those moments before the house lights dimmed, that we all seemed to lose a little of the exuberance and confidence which had car-ried us through. With this uneasiness in our minds the curtain went up . . . the first line was said, just as it had been said for thousands of audiences thousands of times before . . . and the show was on.

As we looked out at our audience, blinded by the glaring footlights, I personally felt just a bit foolish. The smallest errors seemed to take on gigantic proportions and at almost any moment I was afraid it would be necessary to "hit the deck" to escape the volley of rotten tomatoes or eggs which I somehow expected would come our way at the first slip. Marines may not be the best critics, but they do know what's good and what isn't . . . and when it isn't, they don't mind "sounding off" about it.

I NTERMISSION time brought a backstage discussion of how the first half of the play d been received. The audience was made up had been received. of Marines and their civilian guests of many dif-ferent nationalities. English, French, Chinese, Russians, Italians and many others were represented that evening, and we had been a little skeptical as to how they would take the play. They all proved receptive however and one member of the cast summed it up pretty well with a profound statement. "They all laughed when they were supposed to laugh."

Personal doubts concerning the male performers in the roles of the two old maids were dispelled when the impersonators received a note of congratulations from a leading citizen, which was addressed " . . . To the two sweet little ladies addressed "... To the two sweet little ladies in the cast." It was then that I began to appreciate their marvelous talent for deception and their remarkable job of acting.

As we stood there having our little between the-acts conference, an officer stepped in with a request. The commanding general, who was in the audience, wished to see Lieut. Young, our officer in charge. When the lieutenant returned, the ear-to-ear grin he wore heralded his good news. The general had been impressed with the show and was pleased. He had also endorsed our hopes of taking the play on the road when we closed in Tientsin so that all the Marines stationed in China would have an opportunity to

see it. This good news brought back our old spark and we went into the last half of the show with renewed enthusiasm.

There were no critics' reviews in the morning papers the next day, but the letter of commenda-tion which arrived from the commanding general was more than enough praise, and realization that the audience had responded with laughter at the right places was an excellent criterion of the comedy's success.

When the play closed in Tientsin, arrangements had already been made to take the show on tour. No sooner had the curtain descended on the last act of the last performance when we were all busy tearing down the house that "Arsenic" built, in preparation for the trip by air to Tsingtao, where members of the Sixth Ma-rine Division were stationed. The show went well there and at that point we all began to feel like "seasoned troupers."

Our next stop was Peking, the old Manchu capital where we played for members of the famous Fifth Marines. And hardly had we lowered the curtain on the last showing there when we set our sights on Shanghai. A sudden turn of events, however, brought "Arsenic" to an abrupt halt, and we never reached the "Paris of the Orient."

We had scarcely returned from Peking when our director, Tom Reddy, received his orders, packed his seabag and was on his way home. The orders kept coming and gradually we saw our play disintegrating before our eyes.

Back to the sick bay went the surgical instruments; back to the Jesuit mission went the borrowed vestments; back to their original owners went most of the props. All that remained was the stacked set and old Victorian furniture piled carefully in a corner of the American Barracks where it probably still lies, gathering the fine Peking dust that blows in from the Gobi Desert and settles over everything . . . everything but one's memories.



Marines in Tsingtao and Peking were entertained by the hilarious Broadway comedy when it went on the road after its Tientsin engagement

Books Review

THE LEDGER OF LYING DOG. By William George Weekley. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. \$3.00.

HEN the brig, Quail, burned off Lying Dog, most of her crew and the captain's young and attractive widow made their way safely to the shores of the deserted South Pacific Island. Although food and water were plentiful, the circumstances were not conducive to harmony and cooperation among the castaways.

Violence and bloodshed eventually reduced the party to two survivors who managed to make their way back to civilization and to the newly discovered gold fields of Australia. How one of them returned to the island paradise with his bride, and the mystery of the sudden disappearance of the newly-weds, makes a romantic and altogether absorbing tale.



The story is told in an unusual style through entries made in the ledger of Henry Colby, a "lubber" who survived the burning of the Quail, outwitted the crew of ruffians and became one of the two who lived to escape from Lying Dog. The reader who appreciates a good, robust story of sailing ships, the South Seas, lonely islands, castaways and adventure is certain to be entertained by this rapidly-paced chronicle. —J.F.M.

PASSING BY. By Elliott Merrick. The MacMillian Company, New York. \$3.00.

"Passing By" is not essentially a sea story, and yet, it would be difficult to imagine how a book could capture more of the atmosphere of the sea and the modern Merchant Marine. Neither is it essentially a war story, although the war, like the sea, is skillfully blended into the setting and becomes one of the forces playing upon the lives of its characters.

Duncan, able seaman, more sensitive and more analytical than his shipmates, is confused and can no longer find the meaning and significance which he feels life should have. Living for weeks in iron bunkrooms, going into the tough, dirty shipping ports of the world, continually surrounded by quarrels and confusion, he goes on from day to day weighted down by frustration and loneliness.

One night, ashore after a long voyage, he finds Eve. She too has been lonely and desperately in need of someone or something to give meaning to her routine existence. In the passionate relationship resulting from their meeting, they escape from the dreariness of their unhappy lives.

The background of the sea and the war are authentic. The confusion and despair of Duncan and Eve are typical by-products of the war and the love story, told with sympathy and understanding, is deep, real and beautiful.

—J.F.M.

SON OF TOMORROW. By Earl Reed Silvers. The Westminister Press, Philadelphia. \$2.50.

HE dean of men of one of our well known universities has an important message for today's prospective college students and for their parents. As a medium for telling it he has chosen the story of John Wallace, a veteran who goes to college, and his younger brother, Bob, a recent high school graduate who finds the veterans' competition on the campus too great.

If Doctor Silvers were not an accomplished fiction writer, this novel with a lesson might have fallen very flat indeed. But being an established author, with 27 books and more than a thousand published stories to his credit, the dean has been able to get his message across without impairing the reader's interest in his story of today's campus life, and without introducing obviously artificial characters to illustrate his point.

This definitely is a controversial book, since it deals with a highly controversial question. Should the high school graduate of today go to college immediately, or should he plan to go into the military service, or into business, and return to school later to obtain his higher education? Many high school graduates, and their parents, will not agree with Dean Silvers' answer. But his years of experience and the number of college students he has seen come and go, give weight to his opinions and entitle them to a thoughtful hearing and careful con-

For the man who has been in military service and is considering entering college, the book may have the answer to many perplexing questions. Have campus life and the classroom routine been altered in recent years so that college has more to offer to the mature, serious student than it had in the days

sideration.



before the war? The author's judgment is well worth considering before you make up your mind.

And now, to be completely honest, a confession is in order. The reviewer's enjoyment of the book stemmed not from an intense personal interest in the dean's answer to the problems of today's students, but from a chance to compare this small picture of postwar college life with memories of his own college days, and, of course, from the natural love of a good story well told.

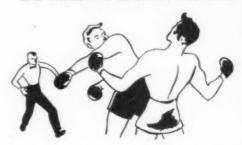
—J.F.M.

THE HARDER THEY FALL. By Budd Schulberg. Random House, New York. \$3.00.

EVIDENTLY the prize fight racket is having pretty tough sledding these days. In real life, there were; the Rocky Graziano scandal the Billy, Fox-John LaMotta affair, and a succession of other disquieting incidents along Jacobs Beach concerning crooked managers and rumors of fixed fights.

In reel life, there was the production "Body And Soul." And now the book publishers have made their contribution with "The Harder They Fall," a sordid story of Nick Latka and his henchmen and their fighter, Toro Molina, an illiterate Argentine. Through an unending series of "tank" fights Molina is built up as a heavyweight championship contender.

It is evident with the readers introduction



to Toro, that the Argentine has been patterned after the "Ambling Alp," Primo Carnera. Toro's career follows Primo's very closely in the manner of the build-up and the double-crossing of his manager, and Toro's fights with Gus Lennert and Buddy Stein bear an amazing resemblance to Carnera's ill-fated bout with Ernie Schaaf and his last American fight with LeRoy Haynes.

The fact that the author's characters seem to coincide with actual people in no way detracts from the novel because the book is less a story of Toro Molina than it is an expose of the fight racket and the ruthless gangsters, fixers and politicians who dominate it. It is a story, too, of the hangers-on, the small-time managers and trainers and the washed-up and punch-drunk prize fighters, who either cannot or will not break away from the only profession they know, and as a result they become chess pawns in the hands of the top men.

Schulberg makes his array of unreal characters seem like real people. Even one of Toro's victims and Toro's Negro sparring partner, George Blount, are drawn sharply as individuals, not as mere names.

One incident in the book which remains in the reviewer's mind was Blount's meeting with an old, blind, down-at-the-heel ex-fighter whom he hadn't seen for years. The young fighter slips the old man a five dollar bill under the guise that he had borrowed it years ago "that night in Kansas City." This is but one of a number of small incidents which

make this novel believable.

While "The Harder They Fall" does not have a true hero in the sense of a "Kid Galahad" or a "Golden Boy," it ranks with these two stories as one of the best prize fight novels ever written.

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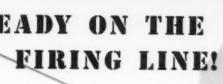
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